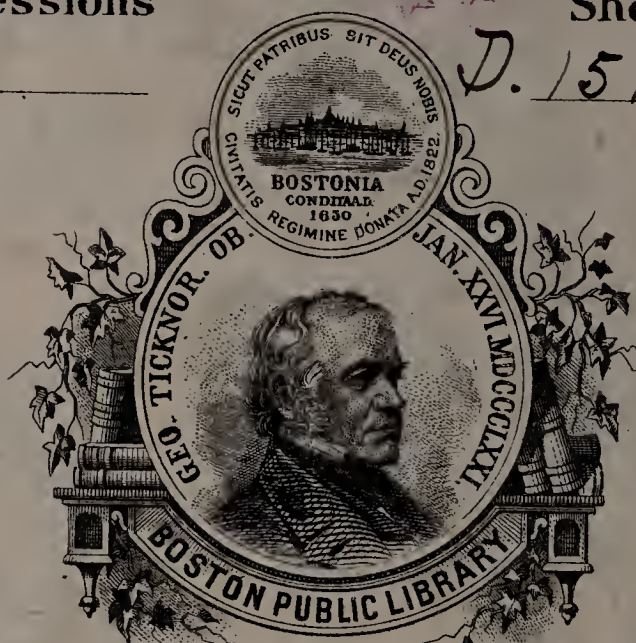




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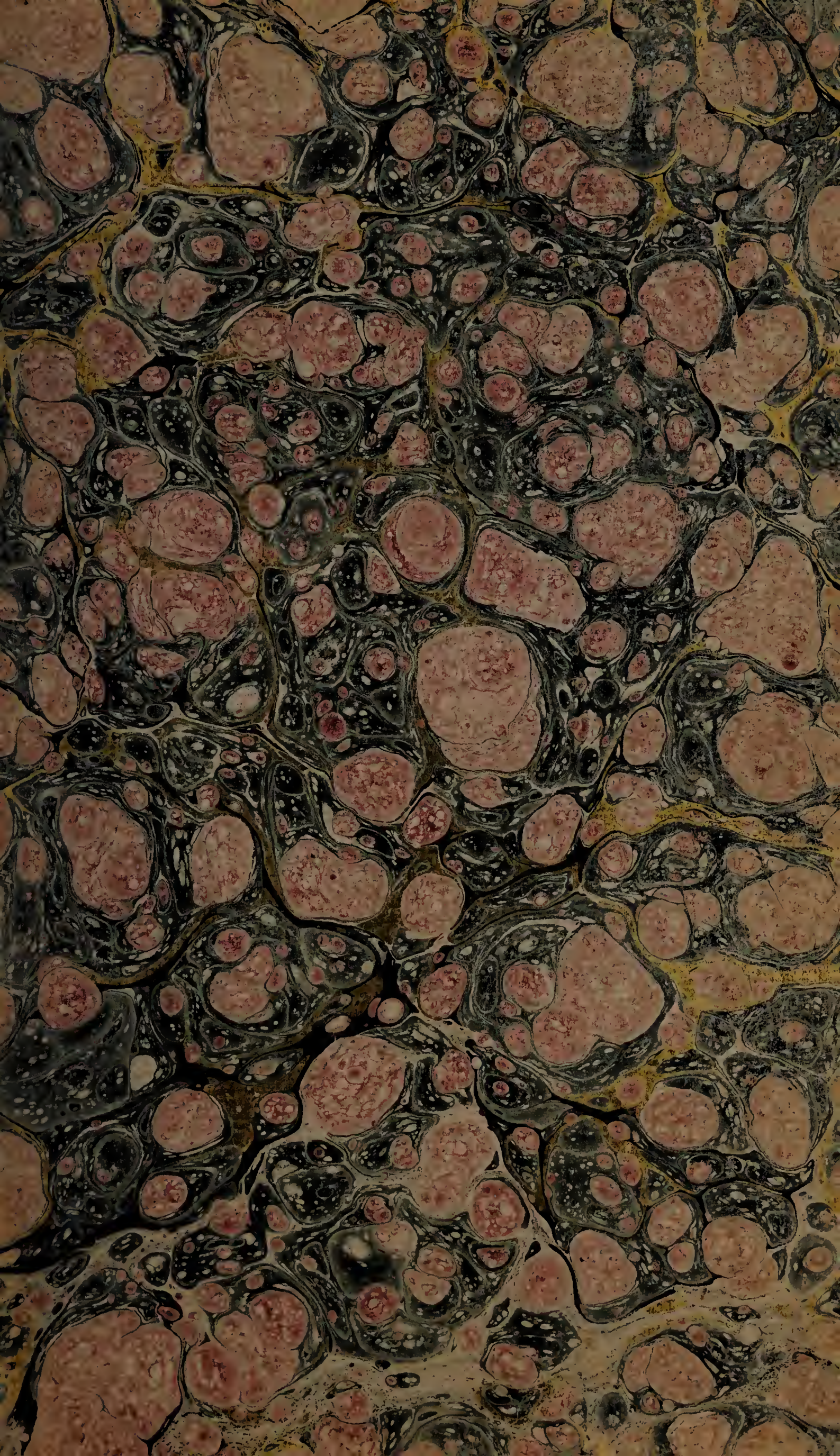
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MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.



Engraved by E. Scriven.



DON TOMAS DE YRIARTE.

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Ticknor

Apr. 23. 1906

O.

WILLIAM T. TICKNOR

NEW YORK

BOOKSELLER

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE,

PRINCE OF WALES,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PATRON OF MUSIC;

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS

BY PERMISSION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Poem, has, in his Preface, so fully detailed its nature and design, that little is left to the Translator, but to explain the motives which induced him to offer this version of it to the Public. Yriarte has declared his surprise, that no Poem expressly on the science of Music, had, before his time, made its appearance. To the Translator it has often occasioned still greater wonder, that in England, where almost every art and science has been consecrated, either in original Poetry, or in versions from those of other countries—where Music is more particularly patronized and encouraged, yet that Music alone has never been the subject of a serious Didactic Poem. It would not be easy to suggest one more susceptible of interest and variety, than this enchanting science; more adapted to the general taste of readers, nor more likely to call forth all the energy and beauty of its sister art. The truth probably is, that it is so general a subject, and is practically so common to almost every individual, that we are accustomed to conceive it better calculated to gratify the ear, than to enlarge the understanding. We forget that, as a science, it is founded upon the most abstruse doctrines, and upon the most intricate studies, that can engage the human mind; and that

it has in all ages occupied the attention of the greatest writers. If we admit that speculative, hypotheses and mathematical calculation cannot, with propriety, become the subject of a poem, whose professed aim is to please as well as to instruct; yet Music, considered in a less scientific view, as the source of such various and refined delight, as the power which persuades, and exercises the greatest influence over the passions, is of all others the best adapted to excite the vigour and native talent of the Poet.

Against the present Poem it may possibly be urged, that the Author has entered too minutely into the technical details of the science, particularly in the first Canto, by which it is rendered less pleasing than it otherwise would be. The apology which he offers is, that he presumes in those who peruse him a previous acquaintance with the first principles of Music: it has been the Translator's aim to render the Author's meaning as clearly as possible; and he flatters himself that by his English readers, among whom Music, as a science, is more diffusively known, he will be easily understood. Where the text appeared confused and unsatisfactory, and he could not make it clearer without material amplification, he has contented himself with a literal translation of the passage, and referred to the notes; where, in addition to those of Yriarte, he has endeavoured to obviate every difficulty, by inserting explanations which could not find a place in the body of the Poem.

The “Musica” was received with considerable applause on the Continent, as a poem in which the true principles of the science are clearly and distinctly unfolded, the peculiar merit of each nation dispassionately weighed; and the superior excellence of Spain, in compositions for the Church, modestly advanced, and temperately maintained. There have been two versions of it, into German and Italian. The German translation is by F. J. Bertuch, printed at Weimar; that in Italian, by the Abate Antonio Garzia, Venice, 1789; who, in his preface, quotes the following passage, in a letter written by the celebrated Metastasio to Yriarte himself: “a style so harmonious, perspicuous, and easy, that with the beauties common to poetry, unites the precision of a treatise;—the great mass of forensic knowledge, which you have exhibited, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the public. The truly Horatian taste, so desirable, and often so defective in the works of our best writers, and which you discover in every page, proves the extent of your genius; and by the present specimen, affords the happy promise of future excellence.” He adds, that in a conversation with the Author’s brother, Metastasio said, “the Poem is not only excellent, but may be considered uncommon, in having successfully treated a subject so difficult, and apparently so little adapted to poetry.” The Italian translator has taken considerable pains to answer the objections that were made to the Poem on that head, which it is unnecessary to repeat here, as the Author himself has anticipated almost every remark of that kind.

The present Translator is not apprised of any French version of the “Musica;” a circumstance which may be considered somewhat remarkable: for though most other countries have combined to decry the national music of France, it cannot be denied that it has produced many excellent Theorists. But in all the French literary journals the Spanish poem was mentioned in the highest terms of praise and approbation. In England, where Music has not that settled and original character which may be found in the national melodies of France, Italy, and Spain; where we are disposed to admire the beauties of every country without any exclusive bias to either; the Translator flatters himself, that in presenting this volume to the public, he has supplied a chasm that had long existed in the musical and literary world.

Of his own performance, he desires to say but little; nor will he affect to anticipate criticism or deprecate censure, by any pompous exposure of the difficulties with which he had to contend. But to those more rigid critics, disposed to consider the “Musica” merely as a poem, he may be allowed to suggest, that from the very nature of the plan which the Author adopted, he voluntarily deprived himself of many opportunities of embellishing his work. For this arrangement the Translator is not responsible; and he only mentions it here to account for the prosaic and feeble lines that may possibly offend the reader in the perusal of the first Cantos, in which so many passages occur explanatory of musical rules and

technical expressions. In others, where he was less fettered by their recurrence, he flatters himself that he has been more successful. Yriarte had also another peculiar advantage in writing, in a very singular metre denominated *Silva*; which, unlimited either in extent or measure, enabled him to lengthen or shorten his lines in conformity to the sense; and to place his rhymes wherever he thought proper. With us, such a metre would be consigned to burlesque subjects, and could not be tolerated in a didactic poem. The Translator, therefore, had only the choice of writing in blank verse, or in rhyme: he adopted the latter, from an opinion that the other is perhaps better suited to the Epic; and perhaps too, because, as he candidly owns, it was much easier for him to write the one than the other.

Of the accuracy of this version he may venture to speak with greater confidence. In a poem like this, purely didactic, he conceived himself bound to follow his author with the utmost closeness and fidelity; and has not sought to attract general readers by any attempt of his own to embellish it. Wherever any passage occurred in the original which seemed obscure, or which, from its allusion to the Music of other countries, required some explanation to render it intelligible to the English reader, he diligently applied himself to obtain the sanction and authority of those most conversant on the subject. The assistance which he has received has been great, and he now evinces his gratitude in thus publicly acknowledging it. The two first Cantos were submitted to the revision of Dr.

BURNEY, who not only kindly corrected the sheets, and suggested many judicious alterations in that part of the Poem, but also favoured the translator with several observations, some of which will be found in the Notes, and which manifest in that venerable master of the science, powers unimpaired. To the friendly zeal of Dr. CALLCOTT, he confided the care of revising the fourth Canto, and to him he is also indebted for some practical remarks, which are incorporated in the Notes. Nor is he willing to omit the assistance he has derived from the obliging alacrity and professional skill of Mr. S. WESLEY, particularly in the third Canto, that treats of the Music peculiar to the church, in which he is himself so deservedly eminent.

Thus, aided by professors of acknowledged skill and ability, the Translator dismisses his volume, with little fear as to its accuracy and fidelity; but, for the general execution of his work, he cannot but be conscious that he requires all the indulgence and candour of his readers.

THE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN I first conceived the design of writing the present Poem on MUSIC, I resolved, at the same time, for very substantial reasons, not to commit a work to the press, composed solely for my private amusement, and that of some intimate friends who were skilled in that delightful science. It was far from my intention, by printing my Poem, to attract the applause, or provoke the censure of the public. This was certainly my determination: to which indeed I should have adhered, if a personage under the immediate patronage of our august Monarch, in his zeal to animate the studious, had not, with the most polite condescension, encouraged me to continue and finish my Poem, by honouring the plan and the three first Cantos with his distinguished ap-

probation. He even extended his partiality so far, as to desire I would, at least, publish the part of my work already written, if I did not feel myself disposed to render it complete. This powerful encouragement, while it stimulated me to finish the labour I had undertaken, rendered the publication highly necessary, as a measure decorous and respectful to my patron, at the same time that it gratified the feelings of its Author. Influenced, therefore, by the order, and secure under the shelter of so illustrious a protector, I was induced to believe I should best manifest my gratitude, by devoting every exertion to make my book as free as possible from errors, and worthy the distinguished notice with which it was favoured.

II. It was with this motive I published this metrical composition. But what previously animated me to undertake it, was, the consideration that of all the Arts and Sciences celebrated by so many ingenious

men, ancient and modern, in various didactic poems, Music alone, strange as it may appear, had been overlooked: and this neglect I considered as the more unjust, as the rules and laws of her sister, Poetry, had been successively explained, in verse, by the pens of Horace, Vida, Boileau, and other eminent Poets.

III. I had scarcely begun to inquire whether any work had been written on this subject, when I recollected having seen a poem, in Latin, by Father Francisco Antonio Le Fevre, entitled *Musica, Carmen*, printed at Paris in 1704, and republished in a Collection of Poems in the year 1749, under the title of *Poemata Didascalica*. When I examined this little work, which does not contain more than four hundred verses, I considered that if the matter were well discussed, and should be found to contain solid and useful precepts, corresponding with the elegance of its style, and fluency of versification, it would be a fruitless labour in any other Au-

thor to write a poem upon Music. But I am well persuaded that the ingenious reader, who may be inclined to examine this Poem, will find it so trifling in its principle, and so defective in its plan, as scarcely to deserve the title of *didactic*, which it has assumed ; since mythological ornaments occupy almost entirely the place that should have been appropriated to the explanation of the principles of Music.

IV. The Abbé du Bos, who, in his admirable reflections on Poetry and Painting, has slightly noticed the science of Music, in the 46th section of the first part of his work, mentions a poem, in four cantos, on the subject, that appeared in 1713. This book, however, is so scarce, as not to be met with in any public library in Paris ; but, by the obliging attention of my friends, after a very diligent search, it was discovered in an extensive private collection ; not, however, printed in the year 1713, as stated by Du Bos, but at the Hague, in 1737. Of this poem I pro-

cured, and still preserve a copy in manuscript, which is written in French verse; but without the name of the Author. It consists of an historical exposition, (although in a style truly poetical) of the state and progress of Music in France, with a parallel between that of France and Italy; in which without injury to the one, he defends the cause of the other: conciliating the opinions of the partizans of each. The Author attempts to persuade a personage, whom he introduces under the name of Damis, to give the *preference to French Music to that of the Italian*. Consequently this anonymous Poet abridges, or omits, all that part which should afford instruction on the subject, as a science, and confines himself to a question of subordinate importance: and although it must be confessed that he supports his arguments by ingenious remarks and reflexions, which prove him to have been well grounded in the science of Music, yet he has not presumed to teach, or describe, its fundamental principles.

v. These are the only poems that to this day have come to my knowledge : for I cannot denominate as such certain poetical fragments, that have been incidentally written on the art. The Canonigo Bartholomé Cairasco de Figueròda, in his *Templo Militante*, part the 2d, by way of preface to his Life of St. Leo the Pope, has written a Canzone in praise of Music, of which four stanzas are inserted in the 8th vol. of the *Parnaso Español* ; in which it is asserted, that there cannot be a more comprehensive description of Music.—Cairasco, who discovers in his work much poetical invention, and a great facility of versification, speaks on this interesting subject more as a poet than a scientific musician, and on this account, perhaps, rather deserves indulgence than censure. He intended, no doubt, to write a superficial panegyric ; not a comprehensive description : otherwise who, for example, can pardon him, among other ambiguous and erroneous expressions, for saying, that Music is *a concord of Sounds* ? and again, that it does not admit of *discords* ?

when scarcely any are so ignorant as not to know, that it is composed, not only of consonances, but of discords, which when skilfully employed, afford considerable pleasure—and that this consonance, or dissonance of sounds, particularly constitutes one part of Music, which is Harmony; but not *Melody*, which is the first and most essential part of the science, and which requires no more than the agreeable succession of sounds produced by a single voice, without any other in unison, or in dissonance with it. This I thought it proper slightly to notice, to show how hazardous and difficult it is for writers, even of Cairasco's merit, to discuss a science when they are not sufficiently informed of its first principles, and the little stress which ought to be laid in such matters on the opinion of unskilful instructors.

VI. It is evident, from what has been said, that we have no Poem in the Spanish language written expressly on Music; and if he who shall undertake a work of this description

be entitled to praise, on the score of novelty, I may hope that it will not be entirely withheld from me; but that I shall experience some indulgence in the arduous task I have attempted, even should I fail in its execution, of obtaining the approbation and applause of intelligent and discerning readers; or of those whose peculiar province it is to sanction, with their deciding voice, every work of genius.

VII. I must freely confess, that it required not only all the extraordinary affection I ever had for the science; but the most ardent desire to convey an idea of its admirable beauty and utility, to prevent me from sinking under a work, surrounded, as it was, with difficulties of every kind, which it was easy to discern, but which it seemed impossible to surmount.

VIII. It is well known to intelligent musicians, that among the numerous volumes published in prose upon their art, but very few methodically and clearly explain it, and that there exists no work so comprehensive

as not to require the assistance of the master ; nor sufficiently perspicuous or intelligible, without the aid of musical examples. They will thence infer, how much more arduous must be the attempt to treat of Music in verse, without calling in those auxiliaries. They will reflect that it is scarcely possible, with the most rigid care, to use always scientific words in their true acceptation ; and to fix the precise meaning of many that are so equivocal as often to denote things totally different. It is difficult to escape censure for saying too little for the skilful, or too much for the ignorant ; to lay aside national partiality and prejudice, and accurately weigh so many opposite opinions and systems ; and, finally, in a matter so vast, to select only the terms best adapted to poetical expression ;—since a poem is not a methodical treatise, nor a dissertation in which difficult questions can be discussed. I therefore shelter myself under the sentiment of Virgil in his *Georgics*,

“ Non ego cuncta me amplecti versibus opto.”

Indeed it might as rationally have been expected, that the Georgics should contain every requisite instruction for agriculture, as to imagine, that this Poem can embrace aught beyond the general principles of Music.

IX. Although the arguments placed at the beginning of the five Cantos, will show, individually, the plan observed in each, it may be useful to abridge them here for the better understanding of the Poem.

The first Canto presents an idea of the elements of the art, reducing them to two principles, *sound* and *time*. *Sound* is considered here as applied to melody, in which are comprehended, the division of the *diatonic* and *chromatic* scale; the formation of the modes, major and minor; the extension of sounds perceptible by the human ear, and the use of the keys; and to harmony, which includes the knowledge of consonant and dissonant *intervals*, and of the chords which may be composed by such intervals. *Time*

is considered with respect to measure, common or triple ; with a reference to the different value and duration of notes, and, in fine, with respect to the air or movement to which it gives the measure. The first Canto, being the basis of the four succeeding, and in its context purely didactic, scarcely admits of ornament, but demands, in a particular manner, the reader's serious meditation. It will necessarily please him less than the rest. Thus in a good drama, the first act being merely an exposition of the characters, and anterior situation of the personages, requires indispensably the principal attention of the audience, as the ground work of the ensuing scenes, and is directed solely to the judgment of the spectator, before he is allowed to indulge those feelings of terror, or of pity, which the developement of the plot, and the increasing interest of the fable, will, in the sequel, naturally inspire.

The second Canto treats of the expression

of various passions, and furnishes particular rules to succeed in their delineation. In this point, I am persuaded I have rendered some service to composers; for although many books teach them the principles of their art, and explain the laws of melody and harmony, yet there is scarcely one that will, by established precepts, instruct him in the use that may be made of both, in order to move the passions, nor that correctly points out in what consist the various expressions of Music, whether serious or sprightly, martial or tender; why one is intended to excite compassion, while another invites to tranquillity and repose; and a third, on the contrary, rouses the opposite sensations of horror and of fear.

In the third Canto, after proving the excellence of Music by arguments founded on reason and authority, it is reduced to four principal uses,—and considered as dedicated to God, in the temple—to the public, in the

theatre—to individuals, in private society—and to man, in a state of retirement*. The character of Church Music is described; the subject being ornamented by an eulogium on its restorers, and on the several ancient Spanish composers; in which the voices and instruments used in the Ecclesiastical chant are noticed; with a description of a public examination, as it is at present practised in the Royal Chapel.

The fourth Canto, minutely discusses Theatrical Music, showing its excellence and defects. And the fifth Canto, divided into two parts, explains in the first the Music calculated for the amusement of private societies, as in concerts and dances; and in the second, the utility and delight afforded by Music in solitude, equally to those who are ignorant of the art, as to others who may be

* In the second Canto the compositions are described proper to excite martial valour; and on that account no particular mention is made, or character marked, of the use of Music in the army.

profound observers of the art, but is of such delicacy and difficulty, that even in prosaic works, full of calculations and examples, it is, and must of necessity, remain obscure, and exposed to endless altercation. I will not deny, that what I have called a speculation, is capable of being practised : but the professors to whom I speak, and who can best appreciate its utility, will judge of my motives for not believing it necessary, nor even possible, in a poem, to investigate the point.

xii. There are other objections that may be made by the learned, who are desirous of beholding what is perfect in every science, which demand particular attention ; but for these I shall reserve a place in my Notes, at the end of the book ; not wishing to deface, or render confused, the pages, in the body of my work.

xiii. But my intention, in the Appendix, has not been so much to obviate objections,

as to afford greater light to my readers on certain points, treated of in my Poem ; on which account I have only explained what appeared to me indispensable, being satisfied with citing the different useful books they may themselves consult ; though I have not thought it necessary to transcribe, at length, the authorities I produce. As I was not disposed to imitate the pedantic importance of those who copy the writings of others, in order to render, at little cost, their own productions more voluminous.

xiv. I flatter myself, therefore, with the hope, that both professors and amateurs, among the many things they know and frequently practise, will find, in this Poem, some remarks upon which they may have not bestowed the necessary reflection. On the other hand, it affords me pleasure to think, that those who are ignorant of Music, but have a relish for poetry, will not consider as wholly fruitless the care I have taken to lessen the dryness of my subject, by introducing various

episodes and poetical fictions (not mythological)—and although there be some precepts which, from the necessity of using technical terms, may not seem sufficiently clear, many others will be found by the more easy application of which, their good discernment will supersede the necessity of scientific study. So that I doubt not, but that the greater number of my readers, will be able to acquire a moderate knowledge of certain delicacies, which, as Cicero observes*, are concealed from those but little versed in Music—or, at least, will be able to form a more noble idea of the science than those persons are accustomed to entertain, whose ears are badly organized: who, in despising the beauties of the fine arts, pretend to be revenged of nature for having created them incapable of feeling them.

This is the end I particularly proposed to myself in the prosecution of my work, in

* Quam multa quæ nos fugiunt in canto exaudiunt inco genere exercitati.

CIC. ACAD. QUÆST. lib. ii. 7.

which I have aimed to be useful in some things, even at the risk of erring in many.

Heaven grant, that the execution of my undertaking may correspond with the novelty and delicacy of my subject!

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MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

ELEMENTS OF THE MUSICAL ART.

- PROPOSITION and invocation I.—Natural origin of Music.—
II. Requisites to excel therein.—III. Order and division of the diatonic scale in the major and minor key.—IV. Order and division of the chromatic scale.—V. Multiplication of these scales: extension of the sounds that are deemed attainable; and their division as regulated by the clefs: from whose combination the principles of Music result.—VI. Properties and character of harmony; and the nature of intervals, consonant and dissonant.—VII. Chords composed of these intervals; and the progress by their means that is made in harmony. VIII. Physical cause of the vibration of a sounding string, on which it appears are founded, all that is pleasing in consonances, and disagreeable in discords; first idea that man had of harmony or combined sounds.—IX. Historical episode on the decline of the arts in general upon the irruption of the Goths: their renovation,—and in a particular manner of the musical System, which was re-established by Guido Aretino,—perfection of the Art by the modern use of counterpoint,—which conclude the first part, that treats of Music in respect to SOUND.
- X. Second part, in which music is considered as it relates to TIME. Nature of time; expression and energy that it gives to song.—XI. Division of time into two species, common and triple: the various duration of notes, explained by marks and figures of different value.—XII. Various airs and movements which are given to time, without altering its measure, or proportion.—XIII. Rests and pauses that are equal in time or duration to real notes.—XIV. Inutility of these and other precepts, relative to the Musical Art, if the composer be wanting in sensibility, genius, and application.





J. Stothard RA. pinx^t

Anth.° Cartou

*To whom, the nixies their sweet retreat beside,
As streams meandering flowed in azure pride;
The listening Naiads.*

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FIRST.

WITH trembling hand, I touch the lyric string,
The various beauties of that Art to sing;
Whose powers expressive, breathing joy around,
Combine and aptly measure TIME and SOUND.

Oh Thou ! who through Creation's boundless space,
Hast formed for Music all the human race;
To harmony each being hast allied,—
Thy precepts teach me, and my genius guide :
On me great Nature,—all thy influence beam,
And make my numbers worthy of my theme.
By THEE upheld---no goddess I implore,
No Grecian deity, invoked of yore ;

Those who admire thy prospects as they rise,
The illusive scenes of fiction must despise.
By me unheeded, Phœbus leads his train,
And Sirens spread their blandishments, in vain;
Heedless I learn if Pan, Arcadia's care,
First framed the reed—Pallas the trump of war;
Whether Arion, by his sounding shell,
From death was saved, as ancient poets tell:
Terpander's lyre appeased a lawless crowd,
If rocks submissive to Amphion bowed;
Or rugged stones, at his harmonious call,
Round favoured Thebes, upreared the sacred wall:
Or whether Orpheus, with unrivalled art,
In Lethe's shades, could happiness impart;
To Fancy's host these mysteries belong,
Be thou, oh Truth, the inspirer of my song!

I. Lo! by the vocal organs are exprest,
Each strong sensation of the human breast:
All that affects the heart, or moves the frame,
In language different, but in power the same!
By fortune favoured and at ease reclined,
Sweet, artless tones, denote the tranquil mind:

But when rude passions agitate the soul,
Inflexions varied speak their vast controul;
Changed is the tone of voice, acute and clear,
Now swift, now slow, it breaks upon the ear;
Soft now it seems, now vehement its rage;—
Impressive pauses, anger now assuage;
While compass, strength, or weakness it acquires,
As love and pity rule, or wild desires.

From these transitions of the voice proceeds
That eloquence innate which oft misleads;
From such the attributes of Music flow,
(Sweet imitative art, our bliss below!)
Which is but declamation all must own,
To measure fixed reduced, in force and tone;
From whose united efforts, influence sweet,
An idiom springs, with beauty so replete,
That climes the most untutored own its sway,
Its vast attraction, and its rules obey.

But not by song alone has bounteous Heaven,
To man the power of strong expression given,
For as by voice, with instruments of sound
He imitates what Nature breathes around.

The hoarse loud ravings of the troubled deep,
When storms tempestuous o'er its surface sweep ;
The fierce tornado, dreadful in its roar ;
The murmurs sweet, that placid runnels pour ;
The plaintive cooing of the impassioned dove ;
The sounds that Echo bears, from grove to grove ;
The whispers wild, on zephyr's wing that float,
With Music mingle, and her power denote.
The Minstrel, then, his treasures to impart
To organs less refined contrives by art,
To fix on memory each dulcet strain,
The feathered songsters pour upon the plain :—
But chiefly, loveliest bird, at night's dull hour,
(Lodged in the mazes of some hawthorn bower)
Thy wood notes wild, so querulous and clear,
So shrill, so sweet, that burst upon the ear,
Would he remember, anxious to express
By dulcet lays, the thoughts his soul possess ;
And like thee, Philomel, by sounds disclose
His hopes, his fears, his pleasures and his woes.

II. To imitate these models that convey
Joy to the ear, and make creation gay,

Is man, ingenious, by the voice inclined;
Even as the charms to eloquence assigned,—
Or all the various beauties of the muse,—
Or such the dance, and pencil may diffuse,—
He loves to copy ;—and a thousand ways,
Pourtray impressions, they are wont to raise.
But not on all, has Nature's hand, divine,
Bestowed those organs, those sensations fine ;
Effects with aptitude and force to feel,
That rhythm and soft melodious modes reveal ;
And few are blest with talents, to attain
Perfection's height, among the tuneful train.
He, then, to harmony who would apply,
And all its secrets learn, with piercing eye,
Incessant labour, and with skill profound,
Should study Nature, in her walks around ;
Her beauties and defects alike behold,
And strongly feel whate'er her charms unfold,
Mark what is pleasing, what offends should trace,
And this reject, and that with care embrace ;
And having culled, with an enlightened mind,
The various beauties to each scene assigned ;

Whether they grief excite, or love or joy,
These to pourtray should be his chief employ ;
To add new graces, by the force of art,
New tints, new life, to all she may impart.
But, as if taught in Euclid's rigid school,
One plan he should observe, one certain rule ;
With steady pace, throughout his theme proceed,
Nor suffer aught his judgment to mislead.—
And if a distant age he would delight,
He genius, taste, and learning should unite ;
Vigour with sensibility combine,
And meditation pure, and thought divine !

Hail ! Music hail ! to man in mercy given,
From harmony's pure source, by bounteous Heaven ;
Whose magic smiles, with rapture fill the breast,
Sooth Sorrow's brow, and lull Despair to rest !
Oh ! while submissive to thy soft controul,
My heart inclines, and melts my willing soul ;
Permit the muse to strike the sounding shell,
And all thy laws investigate and tell !

III. Begin we with the graver sounds t' ascend,
While semitones with tones entire we blend.

The notes, we primitive, essential deem,
Of harmony the base, (the muse's theme ;)
By natural intervals, successive, clear,
That *diatonically*, please the ear;
To seven are limited, which give to view,
The *diapason* just, or gammut true.
Although to regulate the scale, we join,
An eighth to which we powers distinct assign ;
Yet this in truth, is but a concord found,
Or replication of the primal sound ;
Acuter in effect, yet all proclaim
Though changed its place, its character the same.
Still should we err, the octave now descried,
By just degrees, or spaces to divide ;
For some are full, and tones entire confest,
And only semitones pronounced the rest ;
Yet as alternately the notes we place,
They to the gammut give a charm, a grace,
By ratios varied,—for the ear would tire,
If nought but perfect tones produced the lyre.—
Hence, lest the student should in judgment err,
This truth we may with confidence aver ;

That, from the lowest point where sounds prevail,
To their acutest boundary in the scale,
In every octave of a given sound,
Five notes entire, and two half notes are found.
These as arranged, Musicians all agree,
Compose the Major or the Minor Key.

IV. 'Tis thus from *seven* primordial sounds proceed,
All that of Music we acquire, and need ;
As to the tints prismatic rays disclose,
Painting, a sister art, its magic owes.
But as the painter, with creative skill,
From colours fixed, forms different hues, at will,
His scenes to heighten ; and, with nameless grace,
To give expression to each beauteous face ;
So can the minstrel, by harmonic art,
The *five* whole tones, in just proportions part ;
And thus of harmony increase the power,
To bless the gay, and cheer the lingering hour.
Now this division made, so well designed,
And the *ten* semitones with those combined ;
Which in the diatonic scale appear,
The scale *chromatic*, opens on the ear :—

Sweet system! from whose powers expression flows,
Composed of intervals, we *just* suppose
In which the sounds to every octave given
Must be considered *twelve*, instead of *seven*.

Oh thou! whom Nature, in some luckless hour,
Of organ rudely formed, denied the power;
When sounds the smallest dissonance reveal,
That dissonance in all its force to feel;
To other sciences thy powers incline,
But shun of Melody the art divine!
Let him, alone at her pure altar bend,
Her temple enter, or her rites attend;
Who, blest with clear discriminating taste,
An ear so exquisite, so truly chaste;
That were it possible a note to part,
True as a line, by mathematic art,
Would feel and measure each alternate sound,
That in the just division might be found.

V. The sounds, in every *diapason*, named,
Displayed their quality, their worth proclaimed;
Will, in succession, now be heard to flow,
Until they reach the point, most high or low,

Ascending octaves in their flight can gain,
Or by *depression*, equally attain ;
Whether by flutes produced, or viols sweet,
Or by the human voice, with powers replete.
Still though unnumbered through the vaulted skies,
Melodious sounds, when multiplied may rise ;
O'er wild caprice to urge her sovereign sway,
Music a rule prescribes, which they obey ;
For by experience, it is ever found,
All that exceed in tone, the acutest sound
The viol yielding to the touch, can raise,
Or deepest known, the double base displays ;
Whate'er their quality, or grave, or clear,
Can ne'er be followed by the human ear ;
Nor can the sweetest voice, the breath, or hand,
Notes beyond these for harmony command.
Hence all the tones that captivate the mind,
To a few octaves, only are confined ;
Whose powers progressive, bend to the controul
Of clefs in number three, of song the soul ;
Which through the walks of harmony we call,
Base, Tenor, Treble, notes which govern all.

But tho' their number be confined to *three*,
By changing their position, or degree,
They form *seven* different *clefs*, and to the voice,
And instrument, alike convey a choice.

But wisely, each restricts itself to *one*,
The most accordant to its power and tone.

Hence every voice and instrument confest,
Has an appropriate clef, which suits it best ;
To which, in due observance not to fail,
A mark we fix, that regulates each scale.

Such are of Melody, in every state,
The leading principles, the precepts great ;
By whose harmonious concord sounds convey,
Joy to the mind, and make even sorrow gay.
She, like a stream meandering as it flows,
(That fragrance gives to every flower that blows,)
By wandering through, as various thoughts prevail,
The diatonic and chromatic scale,
Now grave, acute, her voice, now smooth, now strong,
Attempered to the subject of her song ;
Roving at will, with grace and perfect ease,
Through all the various modes and different keys ;

Now urging down the base her rapid flight,
Now to the lofty treble rising light ;
Now sinking to the tonic, whence she rose,
Her song to end by some mellifluous close ;
Pours on the ravished ear, of organ fine,
Sounds such as angels breathe, in choirs divine.

Of the famed Cretan labyrinth might we trace,
The mazes sooner, and its wiles embrace ;
Than count distinctly every dulcet sound,
The powers of melody can cast around.
Sooner to find its clue might we rejoice,
Than count the changes of the human voice ;
Its vast diversity, divisions neat,
Its modulation pure, and cadence sweet ;
And track its progress, as it wanders free,
Through all the sacred walks of Melody.

VI. But if such joy, such transport can impart,
Of Melopecta, the enchanting art,
When simple notes alone, disjoined and clear,
Break, as at random cast, upon the ear ;
What must not Music, heavenly power ! convey,
When numerous instruments its rules obey ;

And different voices, tempered to the lyre,
To form the perfect symphony conspire ?
Still, nobly daring, though produced with ease,
The perfect concord every ear must please ;
The tuneful art, not rashly will exclude,
Discordant sounds, vibrations harsh and rude ;
Since by the hand of genius raised they join,
The general swell of harmony divine !
As skilful painters, their effect to aid,
Adroitly, mingle hues of light and shade ;
Or at a banquet, different tastes to suit,
We mix the olive, with the choicest fruit.

But of these combinations, it is found,
The tones most consonant, and just in sound,
Of truest concord deemed, and most complete,
Are notes at intervals of *Eighths* that meet.
Then such by *fifths*, as from each other stray ;
Then *fourths* succeed, and harmony display :
The next are *thirds*, in order and degree,
Both in the major, and the minor key ;
Then *sixths*, in either mode, when struck with care,
Though sometimes dissonant, their powers declare.

'Tis to these intervals, in number *seven*,
To form the concord that the power is given :
The rest discordant are, as such we find
Are *seconds* when with *sevenths* aptly joined ;
And the false fifth which Tritonus some call,
Whose three whole tones unlearned ears appal.—
Nay, strange to tell, some notes that well agree,
Whate'er the scale, or whatsoe'er the key ;
Should they a semitone too much possess,
Or wanting one, the rule of right transgress ;
And thus be raised too high, or sunk too low,
Will into discords by the union grow.

VII. When to these notes essential, that we see,
By various means, accord or disagree ;
We two, or three, or more, at pleasure join,
They form harmonic concords, sounds divine ;
To which, (to shun perplexity of words)
We when united, give the name of *Chords*.
And tho', 'tis said, by far the greater part
Unpleasing are, such is the force of Art ;
Of labour fearless, she with wondrous skill,
So places, alters, covers them at will ;

And weds and mingles them with concords meet,
They render harmony the more complete ;
Art smooths the passage that was harsh before,
And makes discordant sounds offend no more.
How oft of notes, diverse and different found,
By various paths, the simultaneous sound ;
Even at the moment while it charms the ear,
The sense at once can both disturb and cheer !
Now with rapidity, its power to show,
It seems to promise a cadenza low ;
When by a modulation new and strange,
The disappointed ear is forced to range.
Now by a rest, from both it strives to part,
Which rather seems forgetfulness than art :
Now it withholds the long desired delight,
As willing our amazement to excite ;
Or, (as a maiden that would fain conceal
The various passions, that her looks reveal ;)
Assumes reserve,—yet no suggestion shows,
From which we might infer the final close.

VIII. How weak the mind of man ! who would believe,
Altho' the ear can easily perceive,

(Its laws, its principles well understood,)
In harmony, the evil from the good ;
That human art, and industry are vain,
The cause to tell, the virtue to explain ;
Why chords mellifluous, or harsh appear,
And by what means they please, or wound the ear!
Philosophy attempts not to disclose,
Whether from innate properties it flows,
Contained in sounds, of influence divine,
Or in the ear resides, of feeling fine !
Alike what science, or what sage can tell,
Whence is derived the rose's fragrant smell ?
Why to the sense more grateful 'tis descried,
Than the funereal rue that grows beside ?
Or why more kind and pleasing to the sight,
Are tints of green, than those of red or white ?
But this we know, this truth experience proves,
Whate'er a sounding string, or strikes, or moves,
'Twill cause vibration, and by means profound
The octave, fifth, and major third to sound
In unison,—though faint, yet sweet and clear,
With kindred tones which most delight the ear.—

Hence, of all concords, it is truly said,
This the most perfect is that can be made ;
And as the strictest harmony, we find,
Dwells in these several notes, when aptly joined ;
Great Nature's self, howe'er concealed the cause,
Of Music gives the principles and laws.

But ere or chance, or study, could expound
The fundamental principles of sound ;
What tongue can say, that Heaven to man denied
The pleasure to symphonious chords allied ?
The nymph whose notes responsive thro' the grove,
Resounded sweet Narcissus' strains of love ;
First to the minstrel's mind, beneath the shade,
The idea of unisons, no doubt, conveyed.
Two feathered songsters, warbling o'er the plains,
Owning their passion by alternate strains,
Forming beyond the extent of human skill,
Consonant passages and sounds, at will ;
Raised, 'mid the listening swains, the means the same,
On their rude pipes, mixed melodies to frame.
Nor is it aught unnatural to suppose,
The murmurs of the streamlet, as it flows

Through pebbly runnels round the enamelled field,
Tempered to tones the rustling poplars yield ;
The low of herds, the lambkins piteous bleat,
The hum of bees, while rifling every sweet ;
And the infinity of sounds, we trace,
By Nature raised, throughout unbounded space ;
Discordant oft and harsh, yet so combined,
With tones mellifluous, that enchant the mind ;
Endowed with such impressions, man first found
The idea of harmony, or mingled sound.

IX. But ah ! in every clime, in every age !
The arts have suffered by oppression's rage,
Condemned to feel the persecutor's hand,
Or wander, as forgotten, through the land !
Heavens ! since they bloomed in Athens' happiest days,
Or gained in Rome a liberal patron's praise ;
How have their sacred Temples been profaned,
By numerous hordes, whose sway rude arms maintained !
Inhuman warriors ! stained with human gore,
Whom savage wilds and arctic regions bore.—
Then raised his head, amid their haunts, laid waste,
Of form grotesque, a power called *Gothic Taste* ;

While Music, rhetoric, the force of rhyme,
Painters renowned, and architects sublime ;
All that in Athens charmed, or pleased in Rome,
From ruthless Goth or Vandal met its doom.
In vain, they sought in neighbouring lands a seat,
No spot was hallowed, sacred no retreat :
No realm a sure asylum could afford,
From fraud, injustice, rapine and the sword ;
Stern ignorance again resumed her reign,
And war bound all the virtues in his chain.
But as through darksome shades, and clouded skies,
The sun's refulgent beam is seen to rise ;
So from the obscurity of lingering night,
The sun of science burst, with radiant light !
The arts, recovered by his genial power,
By culture bloomed, and charmed the lingering hour ;
Beneath Correggio's, Raphael's, Titian's hand,
Painting revived, and blessed her native land ;
Herrerar's skill, Palladio's ample mind,
To architecture gave a charm refined ;
And Poesy by Tasso, Milton, wooed,
And Garcilaso, all her smiles renewed !

Then, halcyon day ! on Music, heavenly fair !
Great *Aretino* lavished all his care ;
And, nursed by Science, and by genius fired,
Produced his scale, that ages have admired ;
Which gave to melody that powerful art,
Preceding systems never could impart.
Its value such, in history's broad page,
It forms an epoch, worthy of his age.
Precursor great ! he paved the sacred way,
For great *Zarlino* (kindred soul) to stray ;
Tartini and *Salinas*, *Kircher*, bold,
Rameau, *Martini*, and *Cerone* old ;
Who from the base, his mighty genius laid,
Their systems formed, their theories displayed ;
Which in the end to bright perfection brought,
The science he admired, and ably taught.
Then, as neglected, or unknown, its worth,
The *Counterpoint* burst forth in second birth ;
And such its power, to excellence matured,
By their joint labour,—all its laws secured,
With wonder, and enthusiastic praise,
On Music, as on Poetry, we gaze !

X. Yet while of melody the power's confest,
Or that of harmony, to charm the breast ;
These without TIME, or symmetry, are found,
But a mere congregated mass of sound :
And only constitute a single part,
Or branch exclusive of the tuneful art.
Time, which in many parts we may divide,
Is that great principle, to tune allied,
That to a single air, or strain combined,
Bestows the faculty to charm the mind ;
The soul of song ! from whence expression flows,
And all her magic influence Music owes.
To that, the voice, whate'er its pitch, degree,
Acute or grave, its compass, or its key,
Must yield obedience,—deign to be controuled,
Nor notes in length beyond its measure hold.
Nay, should the voice (the subject to pursue)
In accent fail, or modulation true ;
Still duteous she his movements must obey,
Nor from the given limit dare to stray.
Thus the rude drum whose notes are heard afar,
Obstreperous, harsh,—dread instrument of war !

Directs, or quick, or slow, the martial train,
With equal step, to press the embattled plain.
Alike the anvil, with alternate force,
When by three Cyclops struck, with sledges coarse,
Produces sounds that vibrate thro' the frame,
And tho' discordant oft, attention claim,
Because their motions, uniform and clear,
Rather give pleasure than offend the ear.
Hence steady Time, who measures every space,
To Music adds such energy, and grace;
The great Pythagoras, (a truth well known,)
Called measure *man*, and beauteous woman *tone*!
Blest union ! from whose happy marriage springs
The harmony of voices and of strings !
And, even as painting asks proportion meet,
And poetry didactic, numbers sweet ;
So time to music, through resounding space,
Gives every passage, spirit, strength and grace !

XI. 'Tis to the notes that we in bars enclose,
That time its force derives, proportion owes ;
These as they equal, or unequal are,
The common, or the triple time declare ;

And tho' in practice others are in use,
Time to two simple measures we reduce.
The one is binary announced in song,
In movement regular, in nature strong;
And called the nobler, and more perfect deemed ;—
The other lame is thought, and less esteemed ;
Tho' truly each, the skilful hand of art,
Can into smallest subdivisions part.

By seven fixed characters, or notes alone,
Whose difference is by shape and colour shewn ;
Art has contrived distinctly to expound,
Of every note the value, power, and sound.
The semibreve advances first in length,—
Four equal beats confess its tuneful strength ;
Whose fixed duration gives (as lord of all),
Measure to notes, which we inferior call.
Their value stamps, their series, rank, degrees,
Dividing those, and subdividing these,
With such precision, order, judgment true,
That, (all their qualities displayed to view)
The last depicted note it brings to birth,
Itself to equal, or in sound, or worth ;

Must, as enraptured souls the lyre explore,
Be struck with finger light, times sixty-four.
But, if a loss in point of time they prove,
By each declension, parting or remove ;
The notes so split, their influence to regain,
Increase in number, and their weight maintain :
Thus in duration, what they sacrifice,
Art by their multiplicity supplies.

XII. But ah ! what character, or small or great,
That gives to numbers measure fixed and weight ;
Can make them in an absolute degree,
Advance with solemn step, or wildly flee ?
Not one : each note implicitly we find,
Sounds in proportion to its power assigned ;
And to the impulse it receives will rove,
With haste and vigour, or supinely move.
And yet these movements, so diversified,
Serve as a beacon, rule, or steady guide ;
To certain airs, by which, or fast or slow,
(Altho' in rhythm no change they undergo ;)
Time, well observing, all that tune inspires,
Extension, or rapidity acquires.

Thus full in view, the harbour he would gain,
Altho' the pilot strictly can explain
The distance, as his eye the chart explores,
That floats the vessel from its native shores ;
No mind can estimate, no book can teach,
The time in which the bark the port shall reach.
For in proportion as the wavering gale,
Blows fierce, or weak, and fills or slacks the sail;
So will it through the billows glide with force,
Or be retarded in its wonted course.
Hence shall he labour with incessant toil,
Tho' from the strand, the bark be but a mile.

To Italy, whose capital combines
Wit, pleasure, knowledge, Music owes her signs ;
And in her idiom (soft and amorous tongue)
We name the four chief characters of song.
The *Largo* first, with solemn grandeur moves,
The mild *Adagio* next, less languid roves ;
The *Andante* follows, moderately slow,—
The brisk *Allegro*, on fantastic toe ;
While the gay *Presto*, thro' the bowers of taste,
Sweeps like the wind, athwart the Lybian waste.

To these fixed movements has the hand of art,
Three others added, pleasure to impart;
Which, since they little vary from the rest,
In power and compass, menials are confest;
These we *Larghetto*, *Alegretto* name;—
Vivace, *Andantino*, we proclaim.—

XIII. But by harmonic phrases it were vain,
The end, the force of Music to explain.
What tho' her votaries place, with toil and care,
The different marks of time before each air;
And by alternate notes, in bars descried,
In portions small, the measure they divide;
And to each strain, a character bestow,
To indicate its movement fast or slow:
Oft, by an aspiration termed a *rest*,
Even as by song, sensations are exprest.
Thus when, by Homer's matchless lays inspired,
Renowned Timanthes, by his age admired;
With wondrous skill, the sacrifice pourtrayed,
Of Iphigenia, dear, ill fated maid!
While numerous friends, around their settled grief,
By different means displayed, that mocked relief;

A parent's woes unable to reveal,
He bade his flowing robe his face conceal.
Hence, the suspensions Music oft employs,
(Emphatic silence !) more than sound and noise—
Reflect a meaning on each magic strain,
Which notes, however sweet, express in vain.

XIV. Yet still the pauses used, the soul to please,
Have different forms, and value and degrees.
Some, in duration short, in nature small,
We aspirations term, or commas call ;
Others there are, attention that require,
Which rests are deemed, and govern bars entire.
But as equivalent to notes set forth,
Are these acknowledged both, in power and worth ;
As such to reckon them, we ne'er should fail,
In every movement, measure, air, and scale.

'Tis by these pauses, even as in discourse,
That Music gains variety and force ;
These interruptions, so the learned maintain,
Give spirit and effect to every strain.
But 'tis in vain these ornaments we use,
And other useful graces, that diffuse

O'er every lay a charm, and touched with art,
Exalt the soul, and captivate the heart ;
If as sweet sounds arrest the listening ear,
In compass varied, querulous and clear,
Those pure sensations rise not in the breast,
Which Music ever wakes in souls at rest.
Oh happiest he—whose pure and cultured mind,
By genius led, to music is inclined ;
Who, wedding taste and science, passes time,
In the sweet study of this art sublime !
Fathoms its hidden springs, with zeal profound,
Traces the power and properties of sound,
Practice with theory abstruse, unites,
And thus creates a world of vast delights !

Oh blest is he, as Phœbus trims the hours,
And May perfumes the air, enrobed with flowers ;
By study lured, at morn who joys to rove,
By dimpled brook, or the umbrageous grove.
Or wandering, careless, o'er luxuriant plains,
Lists to the feathered tribes mellifluous strains ;
Whose mingled melodies, and untaught lays,
Bespeak contentment, gratitude, and praise !

Oh ! richly favoured by indulgent Heaven,
Is he, to whom the faculty is given,
The joys that nature, and that art reveal,
In all their vast variety to feel !
And, formed his knowledge on this hallowed base,
Describes effects his organs fine embrace;
Tempers the viol sweet, or trembling lyre,
To strains his judgment taught him to admire,
And with a master's hand, without controul,
Impassioned, moves the heart and fires the soul !

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

Having stated in the preceding Canto, that the Elements of the Science already explained, are of little use to the composer, if he be wanting in sensibility, from which proceeds what is called *Musical Expression*: we have, in the present Canto, devoted to that subject, imagined, not by way of episode, but as an essential part of the Poem, in this respect, put into action—that a noble youth, possessing great skill in Music, introduces himself in a pastoral dress, and under the name of Salicio, amongst the Shepherds of Arcadia;—desirous of obtaining by his ability, the favour of the Shepherdess Chrysea, who was equally distinguished in the village, for beauty and reserve, as for her affection for Music:—Salicio displays his talents, and Chrysea with much affability becoming his disciple, is desirous of knowing, in what Musical expression consists;—and in what manner by Music, are represented and excited, the various sensations, emotions, and passions of the human mind.

- I. Efficacy that the tone or the accent contains within itself, to describe and to prove the passions.—II. The several species of sensations and passions that Music is able to excite.—III. Division of them into two parts, agreeable and disagreeable, as they owe their origin to two principles, delight and grief.—IV. Of joy—as the first and most natural sensation that is expressed by song:—practical rules for Music of this kind.—V. Composure and tranquillity of mind and character of the Music that is expressed in this situation, together with the pleasing images, and tender sensations it creates: such as requited love, mercy, kindness, innocence, the pleasures of retirement, weariness, and sleep.—VI. Martial and heroic valour, and the Music congenial to these subjects.
- VII. To these pleasing sensations that delight the heart, follow others of a contrary nature, which distress it. Four different species of sorrow, and the means of which Music avails itself to express them.—VIII. Of rage, and the Music befitting it.—IX. Of terror, and the tremulous Music which imitates it.—X. Conclusion of the discourse of the Shepherd Salicio.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO II.

DEEP in a valley on Arcadia's plain,
(The blest abode of many a faithful swain,)
The fair Chrysea dwelt :—for beauty famed,
And mild reserve, each bosom that inflamed :
At once the loveliest of the throng descried,
Nor less distinguished for becoming pride.
So perfect was she formed by Nature's hand,
Of ear so exquisite, of soul so bland ;
Such an admirer of the tuneful art,
And of the charms mellifluous strains impart ;
Amid the shepherds of the gay retreat,
None durst aspire her flattering smiles to meet ;
Save the enlightened few, her haunts around,
Whose rustic pipes produced harmonious sound.

It chanced one morn, in fortune's happiest hour,
A noble youth, endowed with wealth and power,
Led by the chase, the babbling stream beside,
Beheld the lovely maid, Arcadia's pride ;
Heard her impassioned strains delight the grove,
And glowed with wonder, ecstasy and love.
So much her charms his raptured soul possest,
Absorbed his thoughts, so occupied his breast ;
To friends, to kindred, soon he bade farewell,
Resolved contiguous near the maid to dwell.
The costly habit now delights no more,
Love all his aim, a shepherd's garb he wore ;
And changed in dress and name, from home he strayed,
Self named Salicio, to the sylvan shade.
By Nature blest with a melodious voice,
Music his earliest study and his choice ;
His mellow flute or some delightful lay,
Beguiled, in rural ease, the hours away.
His modulation sweet, his accent clear,
That flowed mellifluous, on the listening ear,
Around his cot, sweet nymphs and shepherds drew,
The stranger minstrel, long unknown, to view :

Soon through the neighbouring vale his praises ran,
And nymphs adored, and swains admired the man.
Courteous of manners, and of cultured mind,
The secrets rare to harmony confined,
Straight to the village votaries he explained,
Their minds enlarged, and their affections gained.
Their rustic viols, pipes with ivy bound,
He tempered to his flute, of dulcet sound,
Their tabors braced,—the horn from harshness freed,
And trumpets pitched in concord with each reed.
Then, for his lessons charmed the tuneful train,
To each allotting an appropriate strain ;
Their instruments he taught them to unite,
And form a symphony, that breathed delight.—
With equal zeal, the choral host he led,
Before each artless Nymph his verses spread,—
And with their voices mingling viols sweet,
Gave them a sense of harmony complete.
Now to perfection brought,—his rustic band
Inspired the dance—and gladdened all the land.
To Pan, Arcadia's deity confest,
When sacrifices meet, their zeal exprest,

Around the altar, bathed with purest blood,
Chaunting religious airs the shepherds stood ;
Nor public festival their bliss displayed,
But his harmonious concerts filled the glade.

Oft as Aurora's smiles renewed the day,
To fair Chrysea's cottage, would he stray,
Blest beyond measure, if one heavenly smile,
His passion favoured, or approved his toil.
While sleep forsaking, many a blissful hour,
The maiden marked his flute's unrivalled power,
And, it is whispered, oft to tell desired,
By fear restrained—emotions he inspired.
Oh happy shepherd ! formed by Music's art,
To her pure bosom, pleasure to impart,
Subdue the loveliest of Arcadia's train,
And win her spotless heart, long wooed in vain !
At length, reserve, and apathy removed,
Each with the other charmed, admired, beloved ;
She, a disciple in the harmonic school,
Began her wood-notes wild, to sing by rule ;—
And, with her lute, attempered to each tone,
The youth to her enraptured ear made known,

Beside the rustic minstrels would recline,
And in the general concert deign to join.
Haply one morn, an aged oak beneath,
Whose lusty arms o'ercanopied the heath
As sat the enamoured pair,—remote from noise,
The rude concomitant of rustic joys :—
The lovely maiden begged the ingenious swain,
To her untutored bosom to explain,—
What are the innate principles of sound?
What their mysterious virtue, force profound,
That certain notes, with judgment, when combined,
Should passions raise, and agitate the mind?
By what Circean means, beyond her skill,
The minstrel as his strains he shifts at will,
Creates emotions in the human heart,
That pleasure or disquietude impart?
And whence the power of Music thus to move,
Our joy, or grief, our pity, or our love?

To whom, the whiles their sweet retreat beside,
As streams meandering flowed in azure pride;
The listening Naiads, from their coral beds,
With watery tresses raised their beauteous heads;

In accents meet, and with peculiar force,
The youth impassioned uttered this discourse.
“ Sweet maid, thy mandate none can disobey,—
Yet is the task not easy to pourtray
The various passions of the human breast,
Which, strongly felt, by words are ill exprest;—
But, who, when beauty’s smile his zeal approves,
Can aught deny the maiden whom he loves ?
Most blest, (my Music honour’d with thy praise)
If thy sweet voice applaud my humble lays.
I. “ ’Tis by experience, loved Chrysea, found,
Such is the magic influence of sound,
That dulcet strains in every age and clime,
Though subject to no rules of rhythm or time,
O’er human minds possess such vast controul,
Such active power, such virtue o’er the soul,
They move, persuade, and agitate the frame,
By means the most impressive thought can name.
The suckling babe, in childhood’s early day,
Ere half formed words his little wants betray,
To his blest parent, can by sounds express,
His hopes, his fears, his pleasure and distress.

And man alike, transported from his home,
'Mid savage nations doomed to live, or roam,
Unknown their language, customs can explain
By sound, his feelings, hopes, delight and pain.
Nay in a circle vast, for pleasure wrought,
In crowded cities, and with numbers fraught;
Though with a thousand voices it resound,
Tumultuous, mixed, that every sense confound,—
And not a single word, distinct or clear,
The astonished stranger can on entering, hear;
Still by the accent will he learn with ease,
Whether the scenes disgust the crowd or please.
What vigour then, what influence must acquire,
Those tones when clothed in language we admire!
And with the charm of poetry exprest,
How forcibly such sounds must sway the breast!
'Twas from this source, the ancient Greeks among,
This union sweet of poetry and song,
That simple melody attention claimed,
Obtained such power, such mighty souls inflamed;
And wrought effects, which some might fabled deem,
If while, Chrysea, I pursue my theme,—

I knew not that thy richly cultured mind,
Embraces all to harmony assigned.

II. But Music does not only love reveal,
A perfect type of joys or pains we feel,
Sensations keen, that every bosom proves,
Or sweet emotions as it hates, or loves.
With marked expression, and with judgment rare,
Others she paints, in which these contrasts are
Motion, rapidity, or languid rest,
And diminution, and increase express;
Or repetition, sudden change, parade,
And vehemence and languor—light and shade.
In painting, though a figure start a tear,
(Impelled by sensibility, or fear,)
Vain is the artist's pencil to convey
The sobs and groans that Music can pourtray.
Alike is Music, though impressive, weak
To paint the tear that moistens beauty's cheek:—
Thus does no single art the power possess,
By the same means all passions to express.

III. If for a moment with precision true,
We might produce to fancy's ardent view,

Of passions all the democratic throng,
And make them to two different chiefs belong ;
One, whose demeanour, and whose words inspire
Delicious thoughts, contentment, peace, desire ;
The other, (spurning reason's meek controul,)
That pains, molests and terrifies the soul :
And of these different factions, grief and joy,
The leaders make their influence to employ ;
Art, such the imitative power of sound,
Emotions viewing, as he roves around,
Their aspect, form, and features will explain
By an appropriate and expressive strain.
The means at first the tuneful minstrel tries,
As on the ear estranged, beget surprise ;
But grown familiar, soon the expressive lays,
No pains excite, but admiration raise :
At length by concords sweet, with graces joined,
They to the heart a ready passage find.

IV. Even now, by Music's magic sounds exprest,
Comes Joy, sweet inmate of the virtuous breast !
To picture well, and with the force of truth,
The faithful gay companion of her youth,

Sweet harmony employs a major key,
A measure marked and strains from harshness free;
In which throughout, the diatonic scale,
Should, rather than chromatic sounds, prevail.
The notes with boldness struck, should flexile flow,
Brilliant in tone, decisive, and not slow,
Nor weak, nor delicately move along,
But sweetly rapid, elegantly strong.
Short should the phrases be, impressive, clear,—
And short the rests : long pauses tire the ear.
The symphony attendant on the voice
Should, like the song it aids, delight, rejoice,
And the divisions warbled in the strain,
By corresponding thrills, their flights maintain :
While apt for pantomimes, for farces fit,
Replete with playful humour—festive wit,
Songs, that capricious passages embrace,
In time correct, yet skipping as with grace,
Comic in style, impressive, brisk and gay,
Awakening mirth and rapture, joy pourtray.
Strains by these rules composed, all life and ease,
The mind of man in every station please ;

Commemorate exploits—or deeds proclaim,
Promulgate honours, swell the hero's fame ;
In public festivals, such lays excite
Passions that animate, and move delight,
Announce the accomplishment of each desire,
And recompense the valour they inspire.

V. Alike sweet Music by her powers combined;
Paints the composure, which a cultured mind
Feels in retirement, and domestic peace,
When sordid cares and angry passions cease.
This to pourtray, though she in part employ
The very strains that pictured mirth and joy ;
More soft and tranquil should the numbers flow,
In Time Andante, or Adagio slow :
Ne'er from the natural scale, meandering wide,
Nor yet too brilliant, nor obscurely glide.
Steady the song should be in time, and sound,
Nor with aught complicate or strange abound ;
From arduous passages expression flies,
They plaudits raise—and oft beget surprise ;
But dulcet, simple melodies impart,
Joy to the ear—true pleasure to the heart.

The instrument attendant on the strain,
A *mezza voce* should its power sustain.
Tender, yet marked—from sounds discordant free;
Whose movements with tranquillity agree :
Such strains repeated oft, convey delight,
And by monotony, to peace invite.
This is that union rich of sound so famed,
Which by the learned, Euphony is named.
Whose powers to glowing fancy represent
A thousand pleasing sources of content.
That sweet benevolence and friendship move,
The endearments raise, that flow from virtuous love,
That make retirement, study, rural ease,
And books, and social joys, and pastime please ;
That pity, mercy, tenderness inspire,
And peace of mind, our first and last desire.
Correctness of design, and colours bland,
The painter's pencil and the sculptor's hand,
(Prized by the curious, by the rich and gay,)
Reserve external objects to pourtray :
Scenes to embellish and create surprise,
Sweet poetry to tropes and figures flies :

And eloquence emotions strong to raise,
To words descriptive runs, exacting praise.
But what like Music, Heaven-descended maid!
So strongly can the breast of man pervade,
Or paint the internal feelings of the soul,
And make the passions bend to her controul?

VI. What can the ardent bosom more inflame,
And fire to glorious deeds and lead to fame,
Than martial melodies, heroic strains,
When troops of warriors press the embattled plains?
Now animated, strong, majestic, clear,
The march symphonious breaks upon my ear:
Brilliant in tone, and in the major key,
Common in time, so settled its degree,
In air and measure just, sedate, and proud,
As the andante leads, it moves the crowd.
Its notes distinctly struck and firm around,
Are heard by octaves and by fifths to sound;
And major thirds,—whose concords from afar,
And nervous chords proclaim approaching war:
Uniting to expression, oft sublime,
The utmost symmetry in point of time.

Its periods short, the greater to impress,
The air on memory—and the soul possess.
Let him o'er whom or tears or fears prevail,
Study the tones of the chromatic scale ;
Let him, when night her dusky mantle throws,
By serenades who gently breaks repose,
Beneath the window of his sleeping fair,
Practise the sprightly, or impassioned air ;—
Those strains alone enchant the heroic breast,
Which are by accents firm and strong exprest,
Achievements great and valour that inspire
Or victory announce—the soul's desire.

VII. Though compositions, loveliest maid ! like these,
The mind exhilarate, enlarge, and please,
And by impressions sweet, delight convey ; .
Others there are our faculties that sway,
And with variety and force, no less,
O'ercome the spirits, and the heart depress.
Heavens ! with what aptness, in some calm abode,
By plaintive strains and in the minor mode,
Music beloved, in Contemplation's bower,
Of sorrow pictures the afflicting power !

With more effect her wondrous art to show,
How justly does she choose the measures slow,
Adagio termed—and Largo—that prolong,—
Chromatic numbers suited to her song.
The notes she hastens not—nor, void of art,
Detaches them, lest harshness they impart—
But glides from sound to sound with lightest skill,
And bids pathetic tones the senses thrill.

Hovering (where Sorrow sits) round murky glades,
How sweetly does she note the various shades,
And different characters, a doleful train,
That to the weeping votary pertain.
Her languor or amazement would she paint,
Sad are the movements, and the numbers faint.
Now they at times by semitones extend, —
To deep and solemn tones they now descend ; —
While frequent rests and silence more profound,
And more impressive than the power of sound,
Image the sullen sobs, that mock relief,
And all the sufferings of excessive grief.
Nor less the transient swoons, the ravings strong,
Emotions sad, to anguish that belong,

Moanings and groans that speak unnumbered woes,
And death's last agonies—her powers disclose.
But should she strive with aptitude and force
To paint the weighty sorrow of Remorse,
Her art directing from the keen distress,
That melancholy spirits oft possess ;—
Then must the harmony in strength increase,
Be loud, unsteady, as repelling peace ;
Mingled with dissonance, and tones austere,
That grate and mortify the tender ear.
Yet these asperities, with judgment used,
To taste repugnant, freely are excused,
If just expression animate the strain,
And it produce the end it would attain.

The love sick bosom, rent by hopes and fears,
Would she depicture sorrow bathed in tears ;
What vast resources has the tuneful art,
With sweet compassion to possess the heart.
Oh if there be in nature one whose breast,
Nor sympathy nor tenderness confest,—
Let him if possible refrain to feel,
Those pure sensations, looks but ill reveal,

When harmony in one continued tide
Of modulation flows—in compass wide ;
Checked in its course by rests that picture sighs,
And sounds, resembling groans that mournful rise.
Which oft, the time extending as they roll,
Pierce the nice ear and penetrate the soul ;
Or with a doleful accent, murmuring stray—
And seeming faint and breathless die away.

And would she mark the agony of pain,
How correspondent is the magic strain !
Disordered, wild, no rule it now obeys,
But from its natural compass wildly strays ;
Now staggering out of time, scarce heard around,
Or checked by rests, the heavy numbers sound ;—
Now palpitating, tremulous they rove,—
Now hurried through the scale by starts they move :
Which perturbation mark—and sobs proclaim,
And all the pangs that rend the sufferer's frame.

VIII. Thus by a thousand means the tuneful art,
Sensations strong of sorrow can impart,
And even by the faculties assigned,
Display her various attributes combined.

Would she describe in one emphatic strain,
Sadness, inquietude, distress and pain,
Her magic powers would like sensations raise,
As poetry by elegiac lays!

The pains of absence, and of dire disgrace,
And those of death her talents can embrace.
Or paint the lover's throes with anguish torn,
By some relentless maiden's rage, or scorn.
In war excite compassion in a Foe,
With hope in shipwreck make the bosom glow,
When ruin glares around, e'en madness ease,
And lull the excessive pangs of fell disease.

Such the variety, the riches, use,
Of magic sounds, such wonders they produce.
But are the stores of harmony confined,
To paint the gentler passions of the mind?
Vain thought! even now our notice to engage
With meet expression lo! they picture Rage!
Its vast vicissitudes to paint aright,
Its flights, its ravings that beget affright,
Music has ample means—her powers as great
As of the passion she would imitate.

This to effect,—a melody estranged,—
And parts she takes, in either scale arranged,
That varied oft, when least expected, flow ;
Now strong, now weak in tone, now high, now low ;
The major ruling now the minor key,
Triple the time or common its degree,
While from its Presto movement oft it flies,
And to the Adagio's slower strains applies.
Nor does the modulation when disclosed,
Observe implicitly the end proposed ;
From the tone primitive—the notes proceed,
By leaps and distances, with force and speed :
Now from a brilliant passage fraught with taste,
She glides into the unison—with haste ;—
Thus simplifying the disordered strain,—
Making more noise, yet less confusion reign,
Entire possession o'er the ear to gain.
And now (her excellence who but admires)
Affecting that commotion rage inspires,
While on the breast it operates, her hand
Like dissonance can raise, like sounds command:
While sad and gloomy tones, from her vast hoards,
Or quick, or clear, diverse, extraneous chords,

And modulations opposite and strange,
In key that vary, and in measure change;
Pregnant with jarring sounds, and discord, noise,
Are oft the means that harmony employs,
To picture Anger;—such the magic lays,
Which more than paint it—nay that anger raise.
And if by just degrees the human breast,
Swayed by impatience be, with Rage possest,
Should it, alas! by quick transitions know,
Anger, delirium—or with frenzy glow,
Each sudden change, each passion that we feel,
Music can imitate, and art reveal,
And by their vast emphatic powers no less,
Hatred and jealousy and fear express,
Discord, Revenge, to savage deeds inclined,
And rashness, and ferocity of mind.

IX. But I, sweet maid, should misemploy my time,
And fail to paint the effort most sublime,
Of heavenly Music, imitative art,
Did I to thee, not forcibly impart,
By what effects, what means, to thee unknown,
Is Terror,—tyrant of the bosom, shown.

Full of its image, tremulous, austere,
 Convulsed and slow, its sounds methinks I hear,
 My blood congealed, with pain pursues its course;
 My speech hath scarce articulation's force;
 My locks erect—in haste I fly, I fall——
 Hence sad ideas! tis illusion all!—
 Pardon my error, 'twas a phantom vain,
 And to my theme, sweet maid, I turn again.
 I am no painter, with discerning eyes,
 That draws from life, horrific scenes that rise:
 No tragic poet, with the power endued,
 To terrify the soul by tales of blood:—
 Mine is the power, the lowly talent mine,
 To paint of harmony the force divine;
 A master bred in her delightful school,
 And teach what art can do, reduced to rule.

Surprise and Fear, and Horror to explain,
 Demand a lowly, sad and trembling strain,
 And that the minor key—which pictured woe,
 Should from that point an octave pass below.
 Slow on the ear, the air should ever float;—
 Equal the movement be of every note;—

Unless, in haste, by terror as inspired,
A greater—stronger impulse be required.
Nor should we be fastidious as to time,
Nor deem the disregarding it a crime ;
Since studied symmetry, to judge aright,
Ill paints the perturbation of affright.
Rather to Nature true, capricious taste,
Employs imperfect time, by rests defaced ;
Making alternate notes of different force,
Combined or free, disordered take their course,
As notes unequal in duration reign,
Single or linked, confused throughout the strain.
While oft the voice assisting, pours around,
The discords in the scale Chromatic found ;
With intonation grave, and depth of sound.
The orchestra with bases, too, she throngs,
But ne'er by frivolous arts the strain prolongs.
The Trino and Mordente's trembling tone,
This wild commotion ably paint alone.
Yet cautious should we be, lest we confound,
The sad and mournful with the horrid sound;
That well by noise and clamour is pourtrayed,
This to the ear with aptitude conveyed

By sounds, which imitate the murmurs sweet,
That echo's tones from distant hills repeat.
Alike the stillness sad, of gloomy night,
The drear of desert wastes, that breeds affright,
The calm, the pleasing sadness that we prove,
'Mid vallies wild, and the umbrageous grove ;
The terror, dread, remorse, and ravings wild,
Of the fierce robber when with blood defiled ;
The horrid yells, the murderer that pursue,
When conscience brings gaunt phantoms to his view ;
The weariness of life, the power of grief,
Marked on the brow when nought affords relief ;
The sob of guilt—the agony of pain,
And ghastly death and his funereal train,—
All dictate to the minstrel to pourtray,
How ruthless terror steals the heart away.

X. But I no longer will engage, sweet maid !
Thy mute attention to my reasoning paid.
Perhaps already too diffuse I have been,
To paint the powers of song, through every scene.
Passions which never, though by words exprest,
Maintained their empire in my throbbing breast.

To me, sweet melody, enchanting art,
Ne'er raised sensations, but what bliss impart:
That sooth my mind and make it throb and glow
For others' joy, or for another's woe!
Nor would I change my reed, by thee admired
For Phœbus' lyre, though Phœbus' self inspired.
But ah! though dear thy smile, thy praise though sweet,
Pure were my bliss, my happiness complete,
Wouldst thou, sweet maid! while harmony divine,
Our souls by kindred ties, appears to join,
Permit thy swain, now tender passions move,
At Hymen's shrine, to share thy bosom's love.
Salicio paused—a smile but ill concealed
Shone on the maiden's brow, and joy revealed.
On either beauteous cheek, sweet blushes stole,
And looks betrayed the emotions of her soul.
Enamoured more, the gay impassioned youth,
Poured vows of endless love—and endless truth.
And chill disdain and apathy removed,
Each with the other blest, enrapt, beloved,
Adown the vale, with spirits light as air,
The gay Salicio—led the willing fair.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

DIGNITY AND USE OF MUSIC IN THE TEMPLE.

Introduction.—I. Explanation in general of the prerogative of the Musical Art.—Its various uses divided into four classes, and considered as employed in religious worship, in the theatre, in society, and in solitude.—II. Of Music practised in the Temple by the ancients and the moderns.—III. Character of the Music applicable to religious ordinances.—Of the plain chant—IV. Character of the figurative chant, or florid song.—V. Character of the organic chant.—VI. Of voices that compose the ecclesiastical choir.—VIII. Of instruments appropriate to religious ceremonies, particularly the Organ.—VIII. Of the species of Music used in the Temple, in Glorias, Misereres, &c. Of Cantiques, Pastorales and Oratorios.—IX. Discussion on the merits of several eminent ancient Spanish composers, and description of a musical contest now practised in the Royal Chapel in Spain.—X. Exhortation to young students in Music.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO III.

Ye Censors, swoln with academic pride,
Of Music who the various powers deride!
Judges insensible! who futile deem,
Its potent charms, and melodies supreme!—
Who harmony, a science useless name;
And all its votaries spiritless proclaim:
Of censure heedless, if ye still maintain
Precepts that truth and nature must arraign,
And, with presumption, vilify an art
That raises genius, and delights the heart:
List to the verse, the Muse's train produce,
And learn its dignity, its power, its use!

I. Its noble qualities, enchantment rare,
There needs no stronger reasoning to declare,

Than the strict sympathy with song imprest,
By nature's hand in every human breast.
No realm so rude, so barbarous no age,
But harmony attention can engage;
Nor to one nation, to one sect confined,
It sways from pole to pole, the human mind.
For with the gift of speech, by bounteous Heaven,
Ere man could aught invent the bliss was given !
Survey the world, some spot we find below,
Where savage hordes can neither plough nor sow,
Adorn the canvass,—rear the spacious pile,
Direct the compass, or with pleasing toil
Bid human forms from blocks of marble start,
Or by sweet verses, humanize the heart.
But say, ye sages, in what spot, what place,
To song adverse is found the human race ?
What hind so simple, though devoid of rules,
And all that art inculcates in her schools,
But can accompany an artless strain
By reed, or jocund pipe athwart the plain ?
What infant does not check his cries, his tears,
When of his nurse, the lullaby he hears,

Forget his little wants, his nameless woes,
And in his cradle sinks not to repose?
But not to man alone, to reason's eye,
Each beast, each fish, each insect we descry,
Betrays, when tones from dulcet viols rise,
Emotions that with Music harmonize.
While in the feathered tribe, are planted strong,
The love of Music, and the powers of song.
But did not nature, each revolving hour,
Approve and patronise her wondrous power,
Antiquity would vindicate her right,
And those uphold, in Music who delight.
Born over realms to bear imperial sway,
Kings have been proud her influence to obey:
And mighty chiefs and orators severe,
And grave Philosophers, with brow austere.
In early Greece, so ancient annals tell,
In the sweet art unskilled to tune the shell,—
Themistocles the brave, in arms supreme,
Lost of that cultured Nation the esteem; —
And Socrates, 'tis said, in life's decline,
Of Music learned the rudiments divine.

Nay, stern Achilles, midst the clang of arms,
To sooth his soul, applied to Music's charms :
While in Assyria's clime, who feeling boast ;
The Persian, Tyrian, and Egyptian host :
The Celt, Chinese, the Arab, prone to rove,
Pay honour to the Science you disprove.

'Twas not caprice, despising Reason's laws,
That made the ancients justify her cause,
Or urged the moderns to bestow the crown,
On her professors, worthy of renown ;—
Honours by both were given, because they thought
The art with benefit and pleasure fraught.
And true it is, would man delight receive
From sources that no pain to others give,
At once that recreate and sooth the mind,
Than Music what more charming can he find ?
The joys of Bacchus, and the noisy chase,
At times much evil with delight embrace,—
To either, mortals sacrifice their wealth,—
Their peace, their comfort, reputation, health.
Dancing begets fatigue, and gaming strife ;
And love embitters many a joy of life.

But Music, art divine, no labour knows,
From it no anguish springs, no bickering flows ;—
It nurtures genius, fans the poet's fires,
Knowledge with tender sentiments inspires,—
By sensibility the heart amends,
And to invention oft ideas lends.
Oh happy they ! this talent who possess
Beyond the power of language to express !
But of its various powers its uses four,
Trace we the depths, the secret springs explore ;
First, in religious rites, its force profound ;
Then in the theatre, the power of sound ;
In social life ; and last least understood,
Its charms, from care retired in solitude.
Roused by the subject in the pomp of verse,
Its majesty in temples I rehearse.

II. But who shall undertake (for words are faint)
The Music for devotion meet, to paint,
Unless supported in the vast design,
By inspiration as it were, divine ?
Who shall depicture the enlightened throng,
Swayed by religion, in the pomp of song :

Around refulgent shrines, who used to crowd,
And chant their praise and gratitude aloud ?
Who paint the power of Music graced with rhyme,
In sacrifices, and in feasts sublime,
At births, and marriages its vast delights,
And power impressive in funereal rites ?
Moved by her influence great, with unfeigned zeal,
Mortals express the piety they feel !
For past transgressions, mercy they implore ;
For favours, strains of thankfulness they pour ;
And to the throne of Heaven their voices raise,
In songs of gratitude and hymns of praise.
In Memphis by the drum and sistra's sound,
Their god Osiris, priests extolled around ;
The Persian Magi, by their harps possessed,
To the refulgent sun their prayers addressed ;
And dusky Brahmins, as Aurora peered,
By hallowed strains her radiant beams revered.
While to the Grecian deities combined,
With dulcet flutes, and lyres of various kind ;
Nations unnumbered swelled the votive lay,
In every sacred fane, and owned their sway.

Alike from you, Judæa's chosen few!
Religion proved by song, the homage due :
In the vast temple of the mightiest king,
The trump was heard to sound, the cymbal ring,
And psalteries and harps—and timbrels shrill,
Rend the proud dome, each fretted chancel fill:
While numerous choirs, in unison each hour,
Breathed forth Jehovah's majesty and power ;
And christianity, whose joys we feel,
Of the same worship imitates the zeal;
And consecrates her lyres, of mellowest tone,
In laud of that Redeemer, ye disown !

III. Of the three chants (to worship that pertain,)
That which is called Gregorian, choral, plain,
And uniform in its melodious air,
Chanted with much simplicity and care ;
Music from its majestic form assigns,
To hallowed temples, and religious shrines.
By easy intervals this chant proceeds,
Each note, in distance short, the other leads,
And similar in length, in nature, force,
Takes through the diatonic scale its course.

Scarcely reducible to measured time,
Yet fitting to its faculty sublime ;
Varying in style alone the solemn lay,
Accordant to the service of the day.
But these to five we limit with due care,
Five different measures every change declare.
And such the festivals in number are.
These strains assigned to prayer and praise alone,
Depend upon the fundamental tone ;
To chanted unisons, that gravely flow,
Their harmony and power impressive owe.

IV. But to the mixed, or florid song, we find,
More ease and more variety assigned.
Still is this only an improvement deemed,
Of the Gregorian chant, though more esteemed ;
Its cadence oft, by judgment, taste arrayed,
More ornamental and more graceful made.
Scorning all fetters, it adapts, with skill,
The common and the triple time at will :
And makes the notes in length decrease, distend,
As suited to the lay the poet penned.

V. But all the combinations, graces, found
In harmony or melody around,—

In the organic chant, majestic, sweet,
(Union of instruments and voices) meet.
The chant Gregorian now acquires with ease,
Expression, life, by uniform degrees,
But that its dignity it may maintain,
It ne'er admits of ornaments profane.
What human genius could the precepts teach,
Of these two styles, the difference marked in each ?
'Twas not the work of man—the song inspired,
To piety devote some seraph fired,
Who bade Imagination wing her flight,
To blissful scenes, to realms of endless light;
Where rapture animates immortal choirs,
And souls angelic tune their golden lyres.
This union sweet of voices, and of strings,
Full on the eye, impassioned fancy brings ;
And sometimes painting, potent her command,
In colours rich pourtrays, by Raphael's hand.

Fervour divine ! more true than e'er possest
Great Homer's soul, Virgil's, or Pindar's breast.
Thou in the east, whence springs the orb of day,
To John Damascenus didst prompt the lay;—
To Cæsarean Basil warmth convey;—

And, shrines befitting, in the western clime,
Taught Gregory and Ambrose strains sublime.

VI. Still, fond of novelty, as human Art,
An epoch forming, knowledge could impart,
To Music—and beneath his skilful hand,
If not expression, she acquired command.
All his inventions, piety to aid,
Voices he formed, or instruments he made,
She to religion, zealously conveyed.
But for the purposes of songs divine,
To four, the tuneful voices we confine.
Whose several characters, and worth, degrees,
We by a figure, shall describe with ease.
The base, with strict propriety we call,
The father, who directs and governs all;
The tenor is the eldest son proclaimed,
For gravity, and sober judgment famed,
Who keeps his parent's motions still in view,
Pleased when he roves, his footsteps to pursue,
The second treble is a steady youth,
Of manners regular, devote to truth;
While the shrill treble we shall call a boy,
Who runs and leaps at will, all life, all joy!

But in the chorus, when their powers unite,
It is essential, to afford delight,
That every voice its character assigned,
Should duly guard and with decorum mind.
Forgetting this, composers we aver,
Inverting nature, would as greatly err,
As writers who in history engage,
Confound the golden with the iron age.
Thus, in one family, that should agree,
All would disorder and contention be,
If the decrepit base, his tresses grey,
Should like the thoughtless treble sport and play :
Or the soprano, grown at once sedate,
Assume the tenor's gravity and state :
'Tis fitting then, of no endowments vain,
That each the part assigned him, should maintain :
The father's power that sons should not desire,
Nor to the children's swiftness he aspire.

VII. The instruments to voices that give aid,
And with them act, divested of parade,
Are secular the greater number deemed,
And inappropriate to the church esteemed :

Though some peculiar be ;—the Eolian lyre,
Bassoon and harp, devotion that inspire.
Struck with their merit, in my humble lays,
Each freely should receive distinguished praise ;
Were not my whole attention fixed on one,
Revered through ages, first in form and tone.
The Organ, (wonderous work of human art!)
Possesses powers, no other can impart.
Touched by some master hand, its strength supplies
The place of sounds from orchestras that rise ;
Majestic, joyous, melancholy, slow,
Alike its harmonies, in richness flow.
Now in a powerful tone, full bodied, strong,
Now soft, expressive, sweet it pours along ;
Now from acute to grave, distinct and clear,
Sublimely grand, its numbers meet the ear ;
Embracing all the sounds combined or free,
That art can find in heaven-born harmony.
Though stored with concords to direct a strain,
The harpsichord no voices can sustain :
To mellow flutes, to hautboys, trumpets strong,
Though notes they truly sound, no chords belong :

To instruments of bow of sovereign use,
And wondrous strength, tho' concords they produce,
And sounds prolong—a limit is assigned,
Their diapasons few, their powers confined.
Since we no treble in the bases trace,
Nor in the violin, or tenor, base.
The organ, such its powers, from art possest,
Is the sole instrument, with truth, confest,
That every other, music's stores among,
In worth surpasses, for majestic song.
For, Proteus like, whom ancient fables make
Each varied shape, each transformation take,—
It can adapt itself to every sound,
In oboe, viol, flute, or trumpet found.

VIII. From instruments and voices aptly joined,
Is formed that mass of harmony refined,
Which well conducted, every art above,
In manners three, the mind is sure to move ;—
In *glorias*, and in hymns, what they disclose
The spirits elevates, and lightens woes ;—
By *motets* when a prayer to Heaven we raise,
Our zeal they strengthen, and confirm our praise ;—

And sunk in woe, of ills when we complain,
By *misereres*, or confess our pain,—
Sounds they produce—like those the prophet swayed,
Who mourned his Sion low in ruins laid.

And should the raptured bard, her haunts among,
In vulgar idiom pen some hallowed song,
Music the freedom takes, the sacred lay
To decorate (her influence to display,)
With all the vast variety and grace,
That counterpoint ingenious can embrace.
To aid religion, she in temples brings
Cantatas, anthems; oratorios sings;
Which mighty masters mere assistants deem,
To the cathedral chant—or disesteem:
For though permitted, on occasions great,
The style theatrical they imitate.—

IX. But swayed by papal power, amid the throng,
For hallowed rites who frame the sacred song,
Or chant to lyres divine Jehovah's name,
And flushed with glory colder breasts inflame,
Oh Spain! thy ancient church above the rest
For Music stands preeminent confest.

This truth profound, beyond the poet's lay
The works of thy rich harmonists display:
Oh with what zeal, from thy stupendous hoard,
To learned professors dost thou aid afford.
And even now (to other climes unknown,)
What circumspection, rigour, care are shown,
In the election of the tuneful train,
Desirous in thy bosom seats to gain.

 This arduous trial, in the pomp of verse,
Novel to many, shall the muse rehearse ;—
Sustained by those who seeking fame aspire,
To be admitted of the royal choir.
On that occasion, first, selected are,
Five skilful judges of endowments rare,—
Who sit as censors, 'mid a numerous throng.
Of amateurs, professors—learned in song.
Then, while attention all the host proclaim,
The youthful candidate for praise and fame,
Is summoned to produce some studied lay,
Familiar grown, his talents to display.
And though the silence deep, the gazers' sight,
Oft awe the bold—and timid minds affright,

With unconcern, their duties to fulfil,
They mark his finger; taste, expression, skill.
Then at the organ is the student placed,
To prove his science, and evince his taste,—
Compelled to trace of harmony the laws,
And court by fantasies and fugues applause.
On instruments of bow, but rarely shown,
They must produce a clear and perfect tone;
And with such art the strings symphonious press,
That nothing aught discordant shall confess.
On flutes and hautboys they must pour around,
A full, impressive, and melodious sound,
An *embouchure* disclose both firm and neat,
And flexibility, and softness meet,
And imitate the inflexions of the voice,
To gain distinction, and obtain the choice.
But these stern judges not alone require,
That those to such high honours who aspire,
Should on a chosen strain their skill pourtray,
But the minutiae of the art display;
On a sonata ne'er before to view
To them exhibited, or wholly new.

On that terrific morning, to that end,
When candidates are summoned to attend,—
Waiting the hour of skill, are they confined,
Far from the forum, in a room assigned ;
So distant from the scene, for trial fit,
Where these stern judges in close conclave sit,
Nought can they hear, nor know they who shall lead,
Nor have access to those who may succeed.
Thus from their knowledge, all the task concealed,
No duty known—no praise, no blame revealed,
With anxious bosom, and with aching head,
Before the congress is the student led.
In some its terrors palpitations raise,
Others emboldened grow—by hope of praise;
But neither hopes, nor fears the judges move,
Or wake indulgence, or beget their love.
The new sonata to his view disclosed,
And by some master hand, unknown, composed,
For minutes five alone must he explore,
Each difficulty mark—each bar run o'er.
Expired the time, a solemn silence reigns,
He tunes his viol, plays the given strains,

And such the attention to his talents paid,
That whatsoe'er decision they have made,—
No voice is heard, no sign betrayed, no smile
To interrupt him in the arduous toil.
For rapid execution, firm, and bold
Disdains in its career to be controuled ;
Nor will, should faults occur, the critic ear,
(The note once struck) the least correction bear.
The painter while his figures he displays
At will may mend their form, a thousand ways.
The greatest orator, should he with force,
A word improper mention in discourse,
May unabashed, while all applaud his wit,
Another substitute more just and fit.
And even should actors words improper use,
The indulgent audience yet the fault excuse.
But the professor of the tuneful art,
Must from his author, not a jot depart;
Whether the music be or new, or tried,
His faults to rectify, the power's denied :
Thus should the ear the slightest error trace,
Prompt to detect, so certain his disgrace.

The solo played—'tis then the rigid host,
His imperfections scan, his beauties boast:
Whether his flute too weak, or shrill he blow,
Whether he grate the strings, or feebly bow,
And carelessly the notes or slur, or bind
Or the piano, or the forte mind.

Still this severe and arduous trial o'er
The young professor may mischance deplore,
Unless in orchestras these censors trace
He can with skill assume the leader's place.
Oh! with what skill, with what precision true,
His knowledge in this arduous point they view!
Whether the solos be with firmness played,
Whether attention to the parts be paid;
Whether performers justly fill the strain,—
If symphonies, the voices well sustain,—
And whether airs experience from the band,
That strength, expression, neatness they demand.
Then of his instrument will they for hours,
Arraign him in the knowledge of its powers:
And of the theory of time and sound
Hard questions put, and knotty points propound;

On which, and on each question they propose,
Deep science all his answers must disclose.
For 'mid professors few in every clime,
Of Music know the theory sublime,
Deemed a fine art, by practice that is gained,
And means industrious, and toil attained.

X. 'Tis thus the skilful, of their arduous toil
Reap the reward and meet a patron's smile;
Their dignity professors thus sustain
And Music flourishing, secures her reign.

Flushed with the honours that the learned acquire,
Ye studious youth, to laureate wreaths aspire,
And bid the Manzanares, humble tide,
Rival the Po, or Tyber's flowing pride.
Lo! 'mid the pleasures of a splendid court,
A Prince exalted grants you his support,
Protects your toil—your studies much esteems,
And worthy patronage your labours deems:
Illustrious Charles! an ever honoured name,
The first in talent, and the first in fame.
Oh! were not Music in itself renowned,
Blest your career, with such distinction crowned!

Born to the throne, when he the rod shall sway,
And myriads own his power, his laws obey,
Of scenes of government and state affairs,
Suspending oft the duties and the cares ;
Pleasure with business anxious to unite,
Of Music will he feel, the pure delight !
The whiles, the viol sweet, he not disdains,
But tempers to its powers melodious strains ;
And while the Throne paternal, (laurel crowned,)
The liberal arts and sciences surround,
When he shall govern, 'mid the hallowed throng,
Patron of all, he'll prize the sons of song,
And harmony, whose influence all confess,
Shall own his care—his patronage possess.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

UTILITY OF MUSIC IN THE THEATRE.

PROPOSITION I.—Of Theatrical Representations in general, and the necessity of appropriate Music.—**II.** Defence of the Opera, or Melo-Drama.—**III.** Its origin and renovation, and of its supporter, the inimitable Metastasio.—**IV.** Poetical Fiction; in which the celebrated composer Jomelli, is introduced, as in the Elysian Fields, surrounded by ancient Musicians of Greece and Rome, and others of subsequent ages, who desire a description of the present state of Theatrical Music.—**V.** Jomelli begins his discourse by giving them an idea of the different species of Opera, and describes the Orchestra.—**VI.** Treats of the Theatrical Symphony, called Overture, and points out certain defects.—**VII.** Of two kinds of Recitative, the one with a Base accompaniment only—the other with a Band.—**VIII.** Of Airs; of the errors of certain composers; of the Rondo and Cavatina.—**IX.** Exposition of rules relative to Duets, Trios, and Choruses.—**X.** Concludes by naming many eminent musical authors.—**XI.** Epilogue in which the Comic Opera, or Buffa, is discussed, and the Music suited to Ballets.—**XII.** Character of the Spanish Zarzuela and Tonadilla—interruption—which terminates the discourse.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE power of Music in religion told,
Swayed by less fear, by less dismay controuled,—
Trace we its influence vast, yet more serene,
And various powers, in the dramatic scene.
If *there*, the appointed minister of heaven,
It has fulfilled the end for which 'twas given,
Its potent charms *here* rapturous joys impart,
Enchant the fancy, humanize the heart.

I. The various pleasures man enjoys below,
From feeling, or reflexion ever flow ;—
But as each ceases reason to employ,
The heart becomes insensible to joy ;

And languor, sloth, and indolence succeed,
And sorrow's pangs within the bosom breed.
To combat these, some occupy the mind
In speculations deep, in arts refined ;—
Some, heedless of effects—to folly's course
The passions lead—where ambushed sits remorse.
But seeking bliss, the studious and the gay
Alike the tedious hours would drive away.
Still 'mid the means, the rich or wise pursue
Delight to raise, or anguish to subdue,
Theatrical illusions most engage
The human mind in every clime and age.
In these Melpomene by fear alarms,
And gay Thalia, ever sprightly, charms ;
And to the arts (their handmaids meet) create
In every polished realm, employment great !
Through them sweet poetry, with force exprest,
Pictures the keen emotions of the breast.
Sculpture her treasure pours before our eyes,
The scene to decorate, or realize ;
And painting, in a thousand pleasing ways,
To swell the fiction, all her skill displays :

While with fantastic step, in troops advance,
Subservient to their nod, the sons of dance.
But none have powers, our souls to sway, refine,
Immortal harmony, that equal thine!
Thy sweet alliance shouldst thou but withhold,
Dull is each scene—insipid—faint and cold!
'Tis thy blest attributes give life to all,
Our hearts admire, our tongues delightful call.
Make modern Rome, for spectacles as famed
As for her games, which erst distinction claimed.

II. Far hence, ye rugged souls! unfeeling fly,
The Melo-Drama's form, who dare decry!
And reprobate alike its beauties chaste,
And faults adopted by misguided taste.
Say, do its tuneful host—a numerous throng,
Singers and choristers—the power of song,
The illusion of the drama more destroy
Than the blest arbiters of grief and joy?
Vain is the hope that fiction can bestow
Scenes, as when real, or of mirth or woe.
Well the spectator knows, whose eyes survey,
Temples and woods, and ships, and gardens gay,

Which please the mind, and oft the sense mislead,
That from the painted canvas they proceed :
That nor Achilles' wrath, nor Hero's woes
Were told in Tuscan verse, or English prose :
And when Assyria's queen her pain confest,
'Twas not in Spanish she her grief exprest.
Full well he knows, the gems that seem to shine
In crowns imperial, spring not from the mine.
And that when kings in pompous language swear,
Captives must die,—or endless fetters wear,
In truth, no victor's powers the weak enslave,
That none are truly abject, rich or brave.
Still we the fiction nurse, beloved in youth
That leads by hidden paths to virtue, truth.
But though with greater force, and greater ease,
Men through the senses, we instruct and please,
And, strictly speaking, truth we might express,
Without the pomp of language, scenes, or dress ;
How much in influence would the fiction lose
Should we the aid of magic song refuse !
Though rude the metre actors may rehearse,
When graced with music sweetly flows the verse ;

And from the rustic, to the sage renowned,
To reason is preferred, mellifluous sound !
Thus cede the deep reflexions of the soul,
To harmony's unlimited controul.

The poet's ardent thoughts, his eye all fire,
From her, expression, life and strength acquire,—
The arts, or formed to flatter, or persuade,
Are by her powers in brighter robes arrayed ;
Nay, all she decorates, applause to gain,
Ne'er fails to move the heart and fame obtain.

III. But if the power of words, to music joined,
Possess an interest o'er the feeling mind,
'Tis not enough the union should inspire
One sentiment, or passion, or desire ;
It should awaken (such its force confest,)
In swift succession, many in the breast ;—
All from one action, opening to our eyes,
As incidents adverse, or prosperous rise.
Hence sprung those dramas, of extensive fame,
Which Operas in modern times we name.

Oh what enraptured genius, gifted sage,
Can paint of ancient Greece, the golden age,

When flourished every science, every art,
And Music held possession of the heart !
When she, attendant sweet, on magic rhyme,
Gave to dramatic fictions, force sublime !
Then are we told, their annals pure among,
Each scene to tuneful lyres was boldly sung,
And in an idiom pure, impassioned, sweet,
Worthy a nation thus in taste replete.
Rome, great in arms, in every science great,
Awhile her beauties strove to imitate,—
But with this difference in effect pourtrayed,
As in the natural figure to the shade.
In after ages, all their lands laid waste,
In art declining and depraved in taste,
Language corrupt the altered nation spoke,
And sounds discordant on the senses broke.
Lost all its harmony, to music dead,
Verse was no longer sung, but harshly read ;—
And poetry and music, hand in hand,
That seemed united, to pervade the land,
All ties connubial rent, from each afar,
Roved, as if doomed to wage eternal war.

Till in a blissful hour, with cultured mind,
This long dissevered pair, the moderns joined,
And bade them on the stage united rove,
That its lost rights, the ear, in part, might prove.

But weak the powers, the drama could disclose,
Till Metastasio, bard enlightened, rose,—
His pen the drama with new charms attired,
From him it dignity and strength acquired,—
To him it owes its lustre and its fame,
And ages long shall venerate his name.
How blest my labours, if, transcendent Sage !
As Music's votaries on thy scenes engage,
(Vast in conception, and by taste arrayed,)
My precepts in the task should give them aid :
And guide their hands (if not from error free,)
Strains to produce of purer harmony !

IV. Thus I exclaimed, when lo ! absorbed in thought,
My mind with serious matters wholly fraught,
Tracing the mazes vast and powers of sound,
I sunk, as wearied, into sleep profound.
O ! it was more than sleep,—I felt inspired,
So much the subject all my bosom fired !

In vision lost, to a delicious plain,
Like the Elysian fields, where, free from pain,
So poets tell, the wise and good retreat,
And bliss enjoy,—sweet fancy led my feet.
There I beheld, enrapt, the harmonic host,
All that enlightened Greece or Rome could boast:—
And those in later days, for music famed,
Who reaped those honours which their merit claimed.
In wonder lost,^{as} as these my eyes surveyed,
My faithful guide,—a sweet seraphic maid!
Led me from haunt to haunt, by Gods revered,
When to my sight, beside a grove appeared,
Jomelli's blest abode; whose death for years,
Involved Parthenope in sighs and tears.
Close to the Aonian stream the minstrel stood,
Encircled by the fair, the wise, the good,
Who hovered round him with delightful care,
Anxious to learn from such a master rare,
What now of music was the favoured state,
In splendid theatres and cities great.
Flushed with the theme, in all the pomp of song,
Jomelli,^{to} to instruct and charm the throng,

With guileless bosom and with looks composed,
Its progress, in the simplest terms, disclosed;—
The opera's power the passions to command;—
Of orchestras, how excellent the band;—
Airs, recitations, duets, trios sweet,
And choruses, with harmony replete.

What strains best suited the enlivening dance,
(Wandering anew o'er Italy and France)
And noted what deserved peculiar praise,
And where defects occurred, in various ways.

V. Friends! he exclaimed, while we to Spain assign
The palm for vocal harmony, divine,
For those mellifluous strains sublime that roll
In hallowed temples, and exalt the soul:—
To Germany, whose forests strike the view,
For instrumental music praise is due.
France claims respect, as far as books impart
Knowledge and skill in music's heavenly art;
But 'tis to Italy, blest spot, we owe
All of dramatic music that we know.
Even to that country, which in days of yore,
A stern republican, great Cato, bore.

Where, such his influence, music drooped her head,
And, disesteemed, to other climates fled !
Now, greatly flourishing, she shews her face
In operas, her science that embrace.

The tragic muse in these is seen to rove,
The mind ennoble, and the passions move.
There genius tunes to song the magic lyre,
Thalia's smiles mirth's jocund train inspire ;
There, elegiac strains the heart oppress,
And trips the pastoral muse, in rustic dress !

Lo ! the sweet theme with ardour to pursue,
The well-filled Orchestra attracts my view,
Yet might one think, so instruments abound,
They but a chaos would produce of sound.
Hark, they accord ! all strains incongruous cease,
And each awaits the leaders sign in peace.
'Tis given :—attention 'mid the audience reigns,
And music straight unfolds her magic strains.
First, the symphonious strain called Overture,
In tuneful dramas, shews its nature pure,
Where sounds in constant order flow, agree,
In just proportion, strict analogy.

Hark ! how the violins commanding force
Take through the essential melody their course ;—
See with what skill, with what unrivalled ease,
The Minstrels make the rudest passage please !
Four simple strings attract the gliding bow,
While sweeping chords and smooth divisions flow.
Yet these two classes form—supreme the one
In majesty, expression, fire and tone.
The other acts subservient in the strain,
Prone its companion's actions to sustain ;—
Or imitate, where'er he bends his course,
By notes of greater depth—yet less in force.
The tenor next,—in tone robust and sweet,
To make the harmony still more complete,
Like the contr'-alto, fills the path between
The solemn base and lively treble seen.
To which the base unites, though low yet clear,
Filling of harmony, to charm the ear,
The medium path, and with no common grace
Between the tenor and the double-base.
Now these four instruments in compass, size,
And form and tone dissimilar, comprize

All that we need true harmony to frame,
Sweet as the human voice—their power the same.
And tho' to these as ornaments we join
Others whose tones in concert well combine,
Pathetic hautboys—the mellifluous flute,
Bassoon, and mellow horn, and, (often mute),
The animating trumpet loud and shrill,
'Tis that with greater force, their powers may fill
At intervals, by solos, airs assigned,
The strain original, and charm the mind.
To which the moderns, skilled in art, unite
The martial clarionet, that breathes delight ;
Rejecting kettle-drums, whose strength profound
Destroys the power of every pleasing sound :
Whose roll, well suited to the tented field,
Orchestral aid or pleasure seldom yield.

Still midst this mass of different sounds that float
The theatre around—the ear may note
The harpsichord, to whom the willing band
Submissive bends, and marks the master's hand.
'Tis to the powers her trembling chords disclose
Music in symphonies, her influence owes,

She animates, repels, supports, revives,
Divested of the expression which she gives.
Thus when at war unnumbered troops engage,
And on their foes fierce warriors glut their rage,
One chieftain's voice is known to govern all,
Bid those who live, avenge the brave that fall.
But 'mid the din of arms unheard his cry,
The place of sounds his actions will supply,
And though his sword conspicuous on the plain
Be stained not with the blood of heroes slain,
He acts for all, and as the fates decree,
Leads them to glorious death, or victory.

VI. These rich primordial strains, or sad or strong,
While they engage the attention of the throng,
Should wake some passion in the breast serene,
Congenial to the business of the scene ;
Or some analogous idea raise
To the first incident the stage displays.
But who his censure can refrain from those
Their overtures who venture to compose,
In different styles, and in divisions three,
That with the drama wholly disagree ?

Such great defects obscure the artist's fame,
And add disgrace to music's mighty name.
In former times with grace and skill replete
By an allegro bold—andante sweet ;—
Oft varied much and followed in their course,
By a loud presto, full of life and force ;
The mind would think (the illusion to uphold)
The shipwrecked mariner's disasters told ;—
The emotions of the happy bride exprest,
The combat fought, the shrine with victims drest :
The cup of nectar at a banquet drained,
Some miscreant suffering, or some captive chained.
Others oft fearful that the ear should tire,
Thinking dramatic scenes no aid require,
By a mere prelude, and of little use,
The actors to the audience introduce.
While others more laborious, cull with care,
From printed operas—each favorite air,
Of which they imitate the manner, style,
Or passages abridge with useless toil.
For imitation merits little praise,
Unless familiar be the copied lays.

Not so the master acts—composer sage !
The attention of his hearers to engage ;
With aptness, who prepares the human mind
For the events to his first scene assigned.
He, with emotion meet, the soul to fill,
Follows that mighty painter Theon's skill,
Who being ordered to depict the rage
Of a young warrior, anxious to engage :
The ingenious artist, e'er the crowd surveyed
The fight expectant—by his art pourtrayed ;
Bade martial strains and drums and trumpets sound,
Each soul to bold exploits to fire around :
Which made each eye, with double ardour view,
And feel the soldiers ire his pencil drew.
Thus should composers with congenial art,
Make the impressions overtures impart,—
Be in strict concord with the actor's mien
Declared, the curtain rising on the scene.

VII. Now, ceased the band : in *recitation* plain
The actor comes and sings his joy or pain ;—
Courting, to aid his voice, the power alone
Of the sweet base appropriate most in tone.

(Of harmony the soul) while varied, clear,
Bringing familiar accents on the ear,
With marked inflexions, but devoid of force
He imitates the tones of rich discourse :
Making the notes, which oft distending rove
True to the laws of composition move.
And tho' the measure prove to him a guide,
Its succour still it proudly seeks to hide.
From which results a style, energetic, strong,
Greater than declamation, less than song.
In this department of the tuneful choir
Not skill—but much expression we desire :
For those to music who attention pay
Urge, that the voice, great nature to obey,
Her humble slave, while singing in this class,
The compass of an octave should not pass.
For those recite most ably, 'tis confest,
The tones of common speech who copy best.
Oh ! in so small a compass could the mind,
Suspect such powers of Eloquence confined !
And yet the idiom of the theme unknown,
The hearer shall distinguish by the tone,

Or modulation, all the various train
By her engaged to picture joy or pain.
And if the singer, with superior force,
Possess this tuneful rhetoric, or discourse,—
We may perceive, whate'er his looks withhold,
Whether an action be described, or told.
When, on a sudden, checked in his career,
By some emotion, or of hope or fear :—
When he exclaims, retorts, demands, admires,
Is resolute, or troubled—stops—enquires.
For all the accents of the measured verse,
And philological divisions terse,
By which the sense of phrases is conveyed,
Should by suspensions strongly be displayed :
Or by some accidental change of tone,
Or perfect final closes ably shown.

But as plain recitation soon would tire,—
(Howe'er the singer's pathos we admire)
Did it the opera throughout pervade,
Of instruments we seek the powerful aid ;
Which much augment the pleasure we enjoy—
And dull monotony at once destroy,

The former strain adapts (of air serene)
To dialogues in the dramatic scene.
The latter to those monologues applies
When actors vent the passions as they rise.
Thus Berenice, beauteous in her tears,
Exclaims, as frenzied, to her sight appears,
Her loved Demetrius, to save his sire,
Pierce his impassioned bosom—and expire—
Thus she unfolds, surpassing all belief,
Her horror, consternation, and her grief.
While each emotion sad, each frantic sound
The orchestra obedient, breathes around.
Or by a steady movement, just to time,
Or by disordered strains of force sublime.

VIII. But should the hero ponder on his fate,
Would he pourtray, compressed, his passions great,
The various figures rhetoric affords,
Allusions, tropes are used, sententious words,
Which in the drama interposed with skill,
A barren scene with much expression fill.
Such strophes sweet, emotions that declare,
Are called canzone—canzonetta—Air.

Yet tho' these pieces varied, oft, embrace
The powers of elegance, of wit, and grace;
To song and symphony 'tis seen they owe
Their magic colouring, their richest glow.
That to the poet's verse when ably joined
Rivets, with forceful art, the empassioned mind,
And turns, expresses, in a thousand strains,
The single sentiment, the air contains.
While *this*, the hearer for the song prepares,
Supports the voice, in all her wanderings shares,
Copies, pursues her, where she creeps or flies,
Whene'er she wins applause, begets surprize!
Makes all her beauties with its influence blend,
And even delights, her triumph at an end.

By strains like these the orchestral throng declare
The movement, style, and key, of every Air.
But oft the voice, the actor greatly fired,
Or by some sudden impulse, moved, inspired,
No prelude needs—as such would check the force,
Of fell ambition, terror, or remorse.
Nor should the ritornello (we confess,)
Be too prolix, or over much express,—

Lest it the action of the piece impede,
And weaken incidents that may succeed.
Or in the bosom smother the delight
Surprize on great occasions can excite.
Such as a change of time, or air or key,
Passing from unison to harmony,
When we the song to recitation change—
But who can sounds depicture as they range?
Vain is my art, companions, to define
The composition of the *Air* divine,
Whose attributes in this blest age embrace
Such compass, skill, variety, and grace;
That rightly to explain it (wondrous task !)
All music's magazine of terms would ask.
Our modern masters oft a blemish deem
That, which might formerly a beauty seem.
Some the long trills, divisions, used in song,
That wont the strain on vowels to prolong,
Oft wish destroyed,—or but employed their strength,
On fit occasions—lessened *then* in length.
Others omit, as if they useless were,
All little words—which some repeat with care.

Or in succession, only thrice repeat,
Such words in phrases, principal and meet.
While others so with tricks, finales load
Capricious trills (which judgment should explode)
They make, while tuneful strains responsive flow,
Expression sacrifice to noise and show.
And to sonatas changing ariettes sweet
Preludes prefer, with arduous flights replete
That much extravagance and skill embrace,
To simple cadencies, exprest with grace :
Which (far surpassing all the tricks of art,)
Spring from the native impulse of the heart.
And some, in fine, there are who shun the rules
Corrupt, yet practised much in ancient schools,
The first part to embellish of the strain,
By frivolous repeats,—and comments vain ;—
The second closing, where should skill abound,
With some short period—or unmeaning sound,—
Tho' by the poet penned, (for concords meet,)
With noble sentiments and wit replete.
And where the skilful minstrel might discern
The song should terminate and not return ;—

Since all who write, and rhetoric's laws admire
On the last-verse, bestow their pathos, fire.

But when the poet makes the primary strain
His richest thoughts and best conceits contain,
As in those little airs of France we find,
To which the name of *Rondeau* is assigned.
That stanza is intended as a theme
On which he ought to work with taste extreme ;
Being the burden of the song, that grace
On each return, and sweetness should embrace.
Still though variety we interpose,
These airs must with the subject ever close.
So on the Cavatina (minstrels own)
Distinguished as an air of movement one,
Should grace, and much simplicity be shewn.
A song, composers intermix with art,
In recitatives and in the sweetest part ;—
Where they the utmost tenderness betray
And steal, with marked expression, souls away.

IX. But vocal melody which all admire,
Her full perfection cannot well acquire,
From the rich harmonies, the concords bland,
And strength communicated by the band—

Voices within themselves, when joined possess
Peculiar charms no language can express.
Beauties innate (which in the drama's round,)
In duos, trios, choruses, are found.
And tho' some critics fraught with pride and spleen,
Think it a violation of the scene,
That different actors in one song should join,
And to one point two voices should incline ;
Art, by the wonderful laws, the powers she proves,
This fancied incongruity removes ;—
The Duet, then, her mandates proper deem,
For situations when empassioned seem
The actors both : and equally possest,
It is not strange, each agitated breast
Should at one moment by like words disclose
With strong expression all their joys and woes.
Such the farewell, when by some tyrant's breath
Condemned to part for banishment or death.
Of melting lovers such the tender zeal ;
Such, on disunion, the regret they feel ;
Or bidding rancour cease, impassioned swear
Eternal love, and endless truth declare.

But if alternately they love, abuse,
We then the *dialogue*, as meet should use.
So when like sentiments from both proceed,
A law against such singing is decreed,
Until the words by each have carolled been
In sweet succession, in the given scene.
Then will all incongruity reprov'd
And impropriety be straight removed.
And strictly so if while with various force,
The diverse parts pursue their destined course,
The singers to the subject will incline,
To make the melody the more divine :
Nor strive each other to outshine through pride,
And the attention of the crowd divide.

Composers great in dramas, minds to please,
Conceive the rules for trios such as these,
Such are the precepts Music's sons indite,
To form quartettos—source of pure delight.
In which a perfect chorus we shall find,
If even with other voices not combined.
Yet care should be observed that nought destroy
The illusion of the scene, when, fraught with joy,

Singers assemble and in chorus join,
To praise some hero, or some power divine.
A victory that swells a nation's fame,
Or solemnize some rites with wild acclaim :
Or consecrate with tears the warrior's tomb,
Who for his country fell in manhood's bloom !
But music destined for this glorious end
Should with a scientific hand be penned,
And be performed with accuracy, zeal,
That we in all their force its charms may feel.

X. Nought now remains to me, ye learned and wise,
But to direct to yonder plains your eyes,—
Where ye may see in one assemblage great,
Princes and ancient chieftains, robed in state,
The good and virtuous, an illustrious host,
Who from the Melo-drama's power may boast,
As durable a fame, as rich a crown,
As by their actions they acquired renown.
Than history's page or bronze more fixed and strong,
Shall harmony record in hallowed song,
Achilles' valour, Alexander's rage,
Stern Cato's firmness, (wonder of his age !)

Great Cyrus' faith and bravery set forth,
Æneas' piety, and Titus' worth.
Their fame, their virtues, and achievements high
In Vinci, Leo's strains shall never die ;
In Pergolese's and in Lulli's shine—
In Porpora and Handel—deemed divine ;
Live in Sacchini's song, with charms replete,
In Feo's bold, in Paesiello's sweet,—
And many others—an illustrious train
Whose numerous beauties praise must ever gain.
Souls who on earth sojourn—mid toil and strife,
Or here imbibe the streams of endless life.
But most in thine, immortal Gluck, sublime !
To the last period of devouring time.
Composer great ! whose matchless strains disclose
Alcestes' sufferings, Iphigenia's woes,—
Fair Helen's sorrows,—and who touched the lyre
With all the force that Orpheus might inspire.
Whose wondrous genius by all ranks adored
The golden age of music has restored.
Oh ! while the world shall harmony revere,
Thy name to every votary shall be dear !

Long shall her sons thy bust with laurels crown,
Adore thy memory and high renown,
And free from envy, jealousy, or pride
The myrtles worship that thy relics hide !
Transplanted here—tho' Europe mourn the day,
To thee we bend, to thee our homage pay ;
Here deem the worthiest of the lyric host
Our pride, our glory, and thy triumph boast !

Jomelli thus before the tuneful crowd,
The character and progress told aloud
Of music, to the theatre assigned,
With all the vigour of his mighty mind.
But feeble is my pen, and weak my lay,
His energy or sweetness to display.
Nor can I equal his divine discourse,
On serious dramas, or express the force
And nice precision, on the verdant glade,
With which the comic opera he pourtrayed.
For though in form alike, to both belong
The powers of recitation and of song ;
In mien are they distinguished and in style :
Prone is the latter sorrow to beguile ;

Possessing, with vivacity and art,
That raise the spirits and enchant the heart,
Expression keen, and playfulness and sport,
And singularity that mortals court.
His bold assertion who shall dare oppose,
That both the exhilarating acts should close,
With various scenes, which incidents declare,
Composed of chorus, duo, trio, air,
As shall the poet's sprightly verse command,
And followed ever by the willing band.
Alike my powers how feeble to unfold
The harmony (for dramas ably told,)
Proper to festive Ballets when advance
On gay and sprightly feet the sons of Dance.
If, said the minstrel, poetry be vain
Without the aid of Music to explain,
The various passions which our souls possess,—
How can we hope that gesture will express,
And steps fantastic, 'reft of music's art,
Those strong sensations that delight impart?
Lo! her impressive accents give a charm,
And in the jocund dance the bosom warm.

Idiom divine, in every climate known,
Thou to each motion vigour giv'st alone.
Thy sprightly symphonies each footstep guide,
In thee for grace, precision we confide ;
For thy enlivening strains with fervour call,
The life of every scene, the soul of all !”

Enraptured thus, his hallowed voice I heard,
And hearing, every precept I revered ;
But dubious whether (ardent oft is youth)
All was illusion, or persuasive truth,
With faltering tongue and palpitating breast,
Jomelli thus with meekness I address.

“ Censor beloved, enlightened chief, whose power
In blest Italia charmed the lingering hour,
Had Spain been made illustrious by thy birth,
How had she cherished thine unrivalled worth !
How had thy genius, widely known, disclosed
Precepts by which with skill might be composed,
The Zarzuela—fraught with many a song,
Or Tonadilla—solace of the throng !
How hadst thou graced the drama with thy strains,
How . . . ’twas here I paused :—the Elysian plains

Lo, in an instant vanished from my view ;
The Minstrel with his auditors withdrew ;—
And, as to golden lyres of dulcet sound,
Unnumbered voices sung his praise around,
Rouzed by the choir, in ecstasy extreme,
I woke amazed, and found my bliss a dream.

Hail Music, hail ! thy potency and art,
With transports wild possess the human heart,
Live in each scene—in every soul inspire
The enthusiast's rapture and the poet's fire !
And whether we with nice laborious skill,
Thy theories scan, or precepts vast fulfil,
Or with a master's hand, thy sounds reveal,
Alike thy charms we trace, thy comforts feel—
Alike to heaven, for thee, our voices raise,
Transcendant gift—in gratitude and praise !

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

UTILITY OF MUSIC IN PRIVATE SOCIETY, AND IN SOLITUDE.

EULOGIUM of musical *Academias*, and invective against those who refuse to preserve implicit silence.—I. Of vocal Music, taken from the Theatre, suitable to these social Parties.—II. Of instrumental Music proper for the chamber.—III. Of the Sonata and Concerto.—IV. Of the Duet, the Trio, Quartetto, and the Symphony.—V. Necessity of variety and irregularity in Music, that it may not excite disgust.—Eulogy on the Germans,—the authors of instrumental Music, and particularly of the celebrated HAYDN, so remarkable for diversity in his compositions.—VI. Of Music befitting the dance in private circles.

VII. Utility and delight of Music in solitude, with respect to those who are ignorant of the art.—VIII. And to those who have a knowledge of it.—Study requisite to a good composer, in regard to Solos, describing the errors he should avoid, and the maxims he should adopt to obtain excellence.

IX. Appearance of TASTE in the Royal Academy of Arts on a day when prizes were publicly distributed; when Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, who are united, admit the introduction of Poetry and Eloquence.—Proposition of the Arts for the establishment of an Academy of Music, or scientific body of Musicians; the idea of which meeting with great applause, they severally offer to contribute to the advancement and honour of the sister Art.—Conclusion.

MUSIC.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

CANTO FIFTH.

Now blest Humanity to thee we turn,
(The powers of song 'mid thy delights to learn ;)
Who to allay the pangs of toil and strife,
And soothe the anxious cares of busy life,
Bad'st kindred souls, in calm retirement meet,
Taste pleasures pure and recreations sweet !
Music by thee invoked, her power employs,
Men to unite in bliss, remote from noise :—
To mend the manners, lead the human mind,
To prize enjoyments, placid and refined,
That give a dignity to lettered ease,
And, torn from pomp and power, make leisure please.

In splendid cities, when, its swiftness lost,
The river's course is bound by nipping frost,—
And lowering clouds, and inundating rains,
Obscure the sun, and drench the neighbouring plains :
On verdant meads with Flora's treasure gay,
When pleasure sparkles on the lap of May ;—
Or yellow autumn, (ripe the teeming vines,)
To revels sweet laborious hinds inclines ;—
Amid the pleasures few of pensive man,
(His comforts limited,—his life a span,)
In every scene dost thou permit around,
Mellifluous songs and instruments of sound.
But happiest they,—thy smiles they ever gain,
Who concerts form, and harmony maintain,
And to the pure delights of Music bend,
'Their tuneful thoughts, and mirth with science blend.
Oh ! far more pleasing than the plaudits loud,
And rude congratulations of the crowd ;
The look endearing and the courteous smile,
That beam on beauty's cheek, rewarding toil,
To merit given ;—far sweeter to the sight,
As round the hearth,—harmonious souls unite,

Is the small social band—that courts applause,
By nature linked,—and swayed by Music's laws.

Ye souls discourteous—Music's sternest foes,
Who, deaf to all the charms her powers disclose,
While beauty warbles forth some melting strain
On trifles talk—or sciences explain ;

In pity hence,—from concord's roof remove,
Nor mar the harmony you disapprove.

Go,—and while others tune the pliant string

To symphonies, or canzonetta's sing ;—

List to the moping owl's discordant note,

Sounds that from pools, and murky marshes float,

The fretful humming of the idle drone,—

Such is the Music fitting you alone.

Such the dread sounds Harpocrates severe,

Justly condemns the talkative to hear.

The God of Silence ! who by signs, proclaims

His wants, his wishes, such intruders blames ;

Spurns from the social board, with honest pride,

Where heaven-born harmony and song preside !

Little ye know, ye babblers vain, the joy,

You kill in others—in yourselves destroy,—

Or you the clash of hissing tongues would cease,
And leave the room to Music and to peace.

I. Those whose urbane and social souls unite,
And in diversions rhythmical delight,
For vocal music to the drama fly ;—
Where, scenes exploring with attentive eye,
Duos and airs, and recitations sweet,
To trios they prefer, or choruses complete.
Still the selection asks no common care ;—
But calls for judgment sound, and talents rare.
Since often partial, swayed by whim, the mind,
Guided by others praise, to merit blind,
To compositions will a preference show,
Of style corrupt, inelegant and low.
For on the stage, where fashion reigns supreme,
And scenery rich, if they improper seem :
Reason what is affected less disproves,
In Music's hallowed dome, where silence moves,
And where no sweet illusion is destroyed,
Or drama subject to fixed rules employed.
I, above all, would strive those minds to please,
Of execution wearied, who at ease.

Demand an artless strain, in which are joined,
Expression, time, and tune and taste refined.
These are the natural graces that belong
To harmony and each mellifluous song,
Graces whose beauties are in splendour lost,
“ And are, when unadorned, adorned the most.”

II. Thus works theatrical, with beauties stored
For private concerts numerous parts afford,
Fitting the *voice*;—but *instruments* require
Peculiar strains, all energy and fire !
Music for instruments the soul to warm,
Must in itself possess a magic charm,
Nor from the poet's pen solicit aid,
Nor failing its assistance seem dismayed ;
But reft of words contrive a thousand ways,
To move sensations verse is wont to raise.
For true it is the phrases that belong
To every idiom and to every tongue,—
Are arbitrary signs,—or sad or gay,
Our passions and ideas that pourtray.
But accents musical, and measure meet,
As natural signs, possess an influence sweet,

Or virtue physical, howe'er displayed,
By use, caprice, opinion never swayed :
A faculty innate,—unknown to art,
Which less arrests the judgment,—than the heart.
Thus by expression,—not disclosed by words,
Of instruments enchant the rich accords :
And as the mind of man is ever prone,
Joy to receive, from what like man is shewn ;—
Self-love directs, from whence our pleasures spring,
That every instrument we play should sing.
Thus from a kindred cause, far more the sight
Of human figures will the ear delight,
In painting, than the view of fruit and flowers,
Or savage animals, or roseate bowers.
The wiles of laboured artifice but raise
A transient approbation,—barren praise ;
Nor can they interest, nor please us long,
Unless the passions they depicture strong.
To move the passions, as his first great end,
The true musician ever will attend,
Whether he play or write ;—and second deem
What wonder may excite—or awe extreme.

They from these precepts who attention draw,
Of Music must forget one wholesome law.
Yet on occasions meet, with sparing hand,
When introduced are graces, at command,
Divisions wild, yet from confusion clear,
And difficulties that enchant the ear ;—
Then ornaments, which decorate the strain,
Guided by taste the hearer's plaudits gain.
And while alternately are heard around,
Of simple lays, or arduous flights the sound,
We at one moment all the impressions know,
Which from delight and from amazement flow.

III. But, ah ! how rarely, (strange to say) we view
Sonatas are composed to precepts true.
By which a brilliant instrument is shewn,
Assisted by a base of dulcet tone.
How oft are they to ridicule exposed !
What great absurdities are not disclosed
By some weak effort to create surprize—
And above all that's intricate to rise !
What greater fame would the performer's hand,
And approbation, reap, enjoy, command,

Would he indignantly resign the praise,
The bravos, vivas, he is wont to raise;
For the more pure approval of the breast,
By mute attention or by signs confest,
Of those who rapture feel—yet little heed
The causes whence their extacies proceed.
Let the professor then his flights reserve,
(A rule from which musicians ne'er should swerve)
Or in sonatas or concertos gay,
For contests where his skill he must display;
And arduous leaps, and execution shew,
More than expression, grace, that bliss bestow.
Still tho' both pieces our attention claim,
Formed on one plan, in structure, style the same,
They in the accompaniment (their nature such)
In character and feature differ much.
That, solely from the base to aid her song
Requires just movement, intonation strong;—
This, more imperious issues her command,
And claims the succour of a perfect band
To tell the subject—or impassioned—sweet,
At times her passages with zeal repeat.

While oft (her vigour merely to sustain,)
Her instrument it follows through the strain,
Or when her solos end, takes up the sound,
And pours alternately rich tones around.

IV. The duo (next its nature to unfold)
From the sonata and concerto bold,
Differs in composition and in kind,
And with less boldness captivates the mind.
Yet its two voices, when combined, surpass
The union of the *treble* with the *base*.
For if in the sonata, to the theme,
The accompaniment subordinate should seem,
Or, power assuming, influence and sway,
The proud concerto must its laws obey :
In duos with one step, they both proceed,
And imitate, or reunite, succeed.
Still will the ear, accustomed to receive
The impressions perfect harmony can give,
From sweet duets experience less delight
Than trios or quartettos can excite.
In these the concords far more full appear,—
The light and shade more strongly marked and clear,—

The bases radical more clearly shewn,
And modulation varied, pure of tone!
Yet though of counterpoint in measures slow,
Four voices, when combined, the essence show,
Music to prove her majesty and art,
And, by what methods she can charm the heart,
In the gay Symphony unfolds around
The beauties in all compositions found.
Now stored with concords rich, harmonious, loud,
She like the mingled chorus charms the crowd,
Or either shape assumes the ear to please,
Of duo, trio, or quartett' with ease.
Still of these symphonies, so fraught with grace,
The effect is greatly governed by the place.
Thus some in private parties please the ear,
Which in the theatre would weak appear.
This well known truth, performers must admit,
When music so for instruments is writ,
That from the parts essential, numbered four,
And *obligati* called,—should we the power
Of others take, or feebly but employ,
The exclusion would no harmony destroy.

These symphonies *quartetted* minstrels name
From the quartett',—in substance, style the same.
Others there are (applause which ever gain)
When each performer hath a solo strain,
That sweetly varied in succession flows,
And all the minstrel's skill, expression, shows.
These we term *concertante*, nobly planned,
To which responsive ever acts the band.
While others with precision to be played,
Ask of two separate orchestras the aid :
Which, tho' appropriate most to solemn sights,
Or public festivals,—or jocund rites ;
On fit occasions oft their powers display,
And steal, by forceful sounds, the heart away.
Oh ! with what wonderous skill, contention sweet,
These bands the other's cadencies repeat ;
Or with what artifice at times divide,
Or in a kindred passage coincide !

V. 'Tis not enough that method be disclosed
In every piece for instruments composed,
Fancy and labour must with judgment join,
To make men long to tuneful strains incline.

For in his pleasures, frolicsome and free,
Nought so delights him, as variety.
And of our senses, 'tis received and clear,
Not one is so fastidious as the ear.
Thus every concert to enchant the mind,
Of pieces should be formed of different kind :
Varied in style, in measure, and in air,
Which Art to suit all tastes should seek with care.
Sometimes to hasty fugues, with skill replete,
Follows the simple *pastorale* sweet.
Now jigs capricious; marches firm and slow;—
And lively minuets alternate flow :
And canzonets divine, whose strains embrace,
Embellishments, rich variations, grace,—
While aided by fit instruments between,
The voice recites some chaste impassioned scene.
Or warbles forth some gentle air around,
Or sprightly rondo of mellifluous sound.
Tho' great the powers of harmony revealed,
Rich springs of novelty hath *he* concealed,
Whose cultured mind in various forms combines,
Notes long and short—and mingles or refines

Sounds that discordant seem—and makes his lays,
Excite astonishment and challenge praise.
But chiefest thine—the pride of modern song,
To whom the powers of harmony belong,
All powerful Haydn, favoured by the nine,
(Vast in conception, and in thought divine)
Thine whose symphonious strains delight inspire,
For ever new, nor though repeated tire.
Sooner insensible shall mortals seem
To voices rich, and melody supreme ;—
Than fail to praise the force, expression, grace,
Mellifluous chords and dignity we trace,
And modulation sweet, by taste arrayed,
And wondrous science in thy works displayed.
And though thy steps beside, thy haunts among,
Numbers with skill their golden harps have strung,
And with those plaudits fired thy merits claim,
Have haply trod the path that leads to fame,
Thou midst the throng, in Music who engage,
Or in the present, or a future age,
Shalt stand pre-eminent, of powers sublime,
And cast distinction on Germania's clime.

Long in Madrid thy works, with beauties fraught,
Of censors grave have so engrossed the thought,
Prizes have been bestowed,—so great their zeal,
On those who best thy labours, study, feel.—
While, where the Manzanares winds her stream,
So much art thou her honor, glory, theme,
Her nymphs with fadeless wreaths thy brows entwine,
As tho' Spain birth had given to worth like thine.

VI. Still while society in Music finds,
That pleasure which pervades enlightened minds
In calm retirement,—when from care's controul,
Free is the heart, exalted is the soul;—
Music no less gives birth to real joy,
As men in exercise the frame employ,
When to the tabor's sound the gay advance,
And form in festive scenes the sprightly dance.
The lovely nymph, the youth robust and gay,
Who whirl, on frolic step, the hours away,
Sportive unwearied, thro' the live long night,
Till sweet Aurora pours her golden light;—
Would early from the pleasing toil retire,
Did not melodious strains their bosoms fire;

And make diversion, happiness supreme,
Those graceful attitudes which toilsome seem.
Alike the soldier on his march severe,
Did not harmonious sounds his bosom cheer,
Jaded his spirits, even his sword a load,
Would sink, alas! through labour on the road.
How beats the nobles' breast, devoid of care,
When Music's strains the opening ball declare;
And the slow minuet of style sedate
Invites him to display his grace and state!
Or, moved by beauty, and inspired by love,
What sweet sensations in his bosom move,
When contra dances fraught with skill and sport,
Succinct in air, and in their compass short,
Resembling epigrams, with wit replete,
Concise and pithy, lure his willing feet!—
And to some native melodies that run,
(Their age to memory lost) from sire to son,
The plodding citizen, athwart the glade,
And rustic swain lead off the willing maid.
While in all nations, climates, rude or kind,
Dancing, by nature taught, enchants the mind.

In Spain the dance most fascinating found,
By pleasure courted in her giddy round,
Is that to which in triple time disclosed,
The Music in two parts is so composed,
As to exhaust even fancy, and embrace
Such execution, ornament, and grace;
That the most skilled professors oft are proud,
On it to shew their art, and charm the crowd.
Such is the gay fandango, that invites
To amorous sports, and so all hearts delights,
That hoary age, philosophers severe,
Natives and strangers, all delight to hear.

VII. Thus may sweet Music, all her powers proclaimed,
Both useful and delectable be named—
In hallowed temples, dignified of mien,
She gives solèmnity to every scene :
In theatres, to charm the giddy crowd,
She speaks her forceful influence aloud :—
'Mid social joys we own her powerful sway,
She sorrow soothes, and makes delight more gay :
But anxious, (heaven born spirit) to embrace,
The various fortunes of the human race,

Behold her now display her magic powers,

And grace in solitude, the lingering hours.

Think not, ye rich, ye vain ! by fortune great,

That Music quits her sphere, abjures her state,

When she from towers magnificent, removes

To dwell 'mid desert wastes, and leafless groves ;—

Flies from the dome of supercilious pride,

In lowly roofs, or sheep cots to reside,

Or climbs with labour hard the rocky steep,

To lull the fisher in his hut to sleep.

Think her not base, because, with open breast,

She soothes the wretched, charms even guilt to rest,

And dictating to all her virtuous strains,

Bids men allay their sorrows, end their pains !

She, child of nature, with unbounded hand,

Pours her collected blessings o'er the land,—

And like the summer shower that swells the flood,

Glad every heart, and teems with human good.

What but rude songs could smooth the plough-boy's toil?

The care-worn shepherds moping hours beguile,

As on the turf reclined, from day to day,

He tends his flock, o'er flowery meads that stray?

To what resource more sweet, can sailors fly,
When snows descend, and lightnings rend the sky,
Condemned through night the anxious watch to keep,
As darts the vessel o'er the boundless deep ?
To what, the angler for relief incline,
As down the cliff he casts his baited line,
For hours his patience and his skill to shew,
To lure the finny race, that swarm below ?
In merry songs which every scene embrace,
The sportsman sees renewed the sounding chace,
And, whistling as o'er distant lands they stray,
Less seems the craftsman's toil, the traveller's way.
Nay to the exile, driven from his home,
To slaves, condemned in chains to work, or roam,
To captives doomed the minutes to consume,
By hunger wan, in some sad prison's gloom ;
Music, blest power, a balsam can supply,
Each groan suppress—and glad the tear-swoln eye.

VIII. But if the powers of song, devoid of rules,
And all the useful precepts taught in schools,
Man in each state *instinctively* delight,—
To those, how vast its pleasures who unite

System and study—all that books can teach,
With practice, and by toil perfection reach.
With what superior charms they must appear,
Even to the meanest judgment must be clear,
In Music, who reflect how great the use
Of cultivation—what it must produce!—
What joys pre-eminent his breast must fill,
Who, wandering o'er the keys and chords at will,
Can of the master mark each brilliant thought,
In every piece displayed with science fraught:
Or blest with genius, pen the thoughts that rise,
In his creative mind, or works revise!
More exquisite his bliss, who books explores,
And adds new hoards to memory's ample stores;
Who makes the laws of Music all his own,
Both to the ancients and the moderns known.
And while his eyes defects and beauties trace,
While there he errors shuns, here steals a grace,
His style improves by the all powerful aid
Of models pure in authors good pourtrayed.—
But as in painting from a tint, or air,
Where artists studied, men the school declare,

So some musicians, though for science famed,
Whose works we prize, oft mannerists are named:
Because one style, they duteous, keep in view
One model copy, and one line pursue!
Others one favourite passage oft repeat,
Are uniformly chaste, yet praise defeat.
But chiefest shun of plagiaries the tribe
Who others beauties as their own describe,
Whose pieces, like mosaic work, disclose
Pebbles of various tints, arranged in rows.
With like distaste survey the host around,
Who wishing to be thought in art profound,
And deemed original, all aid despise,
And only seek the hearer to surprize.
Their works with passages obscure and hard,
Harsh fugues, and wild conceits they interlard;
Canons perpetually that teaze the ear,
And enigmatical, not learned appear.
(For pedants as in learning's classic grove
In Music's sacred haunts delight to rove.)
Alike with wary eye, those authors heed,
Formed from true taste professors to mislead.

Who without science, order, judgment, words,
Jumble together notes, arpeggios, chords.
Whose works, the ear of taste which never please,
Resemble paintings of the rude Chinese,
Who to the colouring all their skill incline,
The figures false, unmeaning the design !—
Think then, to Music who devote the hours,
How few there are endowed with proper powers,
Yet fewer far (a point all should discern)
The genius of each instrument who learn ;—
And for their several uses so compose,
As nought unfit, or futile, to disclose ;
And thence will they infer, how few we praise,
Correct, revise, and polish well their lays :
Or will be guided by the judgment sound
Of some important censor, sage profound.
In harmony they only can excel,
Who, blending taste and skill, have studied well
The precepts of the Latian lyric bard,
Which poets and musicians should regard.
Well hath he told the Pisos, who depart
From the fixed principles and rules of art,

Without a guide, while they one error shun,
They into others far more fatal run !
Thus *this* composer, to be copious thought,
Becomes redundant, as with sense o'er fraught,
That sterile grows, concise to be esteemed,—
While *those*, lest they should copyists be deemed,
Run into follies, no advice can cure,
And if original, are more obscure !
These, to be thought correct, so work by rule,
They languid grow, insensible and cool :—
While others aping some Icarian flight,
Oft lose themselves “in clouds of endless light !”
Oh ! happiest he, who from these errors flies,
And notes the beauties of the chaste and wise,
Who quits of base caprice the flowery road,
And seeks philosophy's retired abode !
'Tis he alone, of pure and cultured mind,
Who knows the joys of harmony refined,
That Music is an art which charms the good,
Alike in social life, and solitude !

IX. Nor will it be extraneous to pourtray,
Events that happened on that blissful day,

When the academy, by wisdom planned,
And honoured by a monarch's fostering hand,
(Whose taste, and liberality sustain
The arts and sciences—a numerous train)
On those she nursed, most worthy of renown,
Bestowed distinction, and the laureate crown.
On that blest day when Architecture came,
Sculpture, Engraving, Painting, seeking fame,
And Poetry and Eloquence aloud,
Proclaimed their triumphs to the admiring crowd:
Lo! suddenly appeared a lovely youth,
His air all modesty, his looks all truth;—
Beauteous of form, of gesture so divine,
He looked Apollo—seated with the Nine.
Whose golden tresses, and enchanting face,
Majestic mien, and action fraught with grace;
Confest to those, he readily embraced,
It was that being called by mortals TASTE.
Who, free from pride, amid these hallowed bow'rs,
(Conceived his mansion,) came to pass the hours:
And while the arts obsequious hovering around,
Met his salute, with homage most profound,

And silence reigned, with woe, as if opprest,
He thus in accents sweet, the crowd address:

“ Companions bright ! ye wise, ye gifted few,
How throbs my bosom, as with pride I view,
Your pencils, chisels, compasses, receive
That recompence, the great delight to give !
Yet, while, alike, ingenious souls prepare
Wreaths of sweet myrtle to adorn my hair,
And laurel braids,—as the protector deemed,
Of other institutions, much esteemed,
And garlands frame, for those beloved by me,
Who from corruption keep our idiom free ;—
Sweet Poetry whose beauties all regard,
And Eloquence, entitled to reward :—
Whatever honours you acquire or praise
In me esteem and gratitude must raise.
And to the Gods, with warmth I now address,
My ardent vows and prayers for your success.
But on this day, alas ! to joy assigned,
A settled sadness hangs upon my mind,
To pity moved, my soul impassioned glows,
With kindred feeling for another’s woes.

Lo! as at home I sat, with brow serene,
With palpitating breast and anxious mien,
Sweet Music, bending low, with accents faint,
To me in secret, thus preferred her plaint.—

“ Parent beloved ! while all my sisters’ toil,
Wins thy applause, is honoured with thy smile ;
While they in splendour live, unknown to care
To reach their comforts, why must I despair ?
Why in obscurity must I remain,
And lead a life of sorrow and of pain ?
Upheld by stable laws, their votaries join,
And temples rear, for mutual aid combine.
And royal bounty, checking grief and strife,
Gives to the efforts honour, spirit, life !—
While all my sons, unfavoured rove at will
Their several duties so by whim fulfil,
To few I fear they benefits impart,
However great their knowledge, toil, and art.
And yet my principles well understood,
How much might they promote the public good !
Many my noble faculty abuse,
Or merely as an art mechanic use.

Others, as deemed the vehicle of joy,
On me no method, study, care employ;
All spurn authority, since none unite
To crown their toil, or industry requite.
Thus many, conscious of the world's neglect,
Their talents waste, my science disrespect.
Yet are there some, though honoured by the few,
My science who with judgment, zeal pursue.
Who fondly hope in this enlightened age,
They might establish, free from party rage,
An institution,—rear a spacious pile,
To famed musician's sacred and their toil.
Which governed by professors learned and famed,
Might be the Academy of Music named.
Flushed with the hope, on this auspicious day,
To thee I come their wishes to convey,
And as a deity they much adore,
To crave thy help—thy influence implore.
Oh! might we hope, thy fostering hand to prove,
As promise those sweet smiles that picture love;
Soon shalt thou find the land with genius fraught,
Music by system, rule, so ably taught:—

'That in each scene, each station deemed a friend,
Throughout all Spain, my influence shall extend,
And neighbouring nations who my worth discern,
Delight my science from her sons to learn."

" Thus in impressive tones, and sad the strain,
Music disclosed to me her bosom's pain,
And penetrated by excessive grief,
Hither I come to supplicate relief;
Trusting amid this train, the nymph will find,
Alive to all her wrongs some cultured mind.
Propitious arts ! the soul-enrapturing maid
Who with demeanour meek implores your aid,
No stranger is to this enlightened throng,
The beauteous suppliant is the Queen of Song !
One, though debased her powers and hurt her pride,
Who to this gay assemblage is allied.
For by your precepts she her sons directs,
Your functions notes, simplicity respects;—
And boasts the same variety and art,
And active fancy to delight the heart.
Say then, ye virtuous, on this child of woe,
A sister proved, what gifts will you bestow,

Or in these mansions shall the mournerd share,
The smiles, the friendship, of the wise and fair?"
Here paused the youth ;—their joint applause aloud
And swift concurrence, owned the enlightened crowd,
When Architecture thus before the rest,
This flattering answer to the youth addrest.

“ Though small my powers, to Music, lovely maid!
With pleasure I'll devote them her to aid ;
Her wishes meeting, gladly will I rear
A fane where mortals her rich strains may hear :
With niches meet—that she with taste around,
May works arrange in which her rules abound.
Then shall my votaries, to advance her praise,
A theatre so accurately raise,
So in exact proportion (proving skill)
That harmony alike each part may fill :
An art the ancients in such structures prized
Lost to the moderns, or by them despised.”

“ I,” added Painting, with becoming pride,
“ Will grace the spot where music may reside,
With emblems, figures, which my train admire,
That may composers with rich thoughts inspire.

Differing in feature, style: now scenes of war,
The bleeding warrior and the victor's car,
There tempests dire, and shipwrecks fraught with woe,
There, peaceful vales, where murmuring streamlets flow:
Depict here achievements worthy fame,
The exploits of heroes of illustrious name:
And all the passions paint, a graceful throng,
Expressed by Music and the powers of song.
Blest if my labours tragic or serene,
Assist her strains, through every changing scene."

"If busts," said Sculpture, "that attract the sight,
And statues and reliefs rich delight.
That speak who were distinguished in each clime,
For skill and labour in her art sublime;—
If on the memory strongly to impress,
By all the powers energetic I possess,
All her professors who have gained renown,
And patrons who have given the laurel crown,
May win her smile—the labour of my hand,
Moved by thy plaint, sweet Music shall command."

"Engraving offered, by her forceful art,
Correctly and with beauty to impart

To every age—the works by genius penned
Of those she most felt pleasure to commend.
And with precision rarely seen, to trace
Beyond even time's corrosion to efface,
The various theories, systems, laws profound,
Wrote by the learned on the powers of sound.
Liberal of soul, she promised to design,
The just dimensions, form, proportion fine,
Of every instrument the ancients knew ;
And all the moderns e'er produced to view.
Reducing to fixed principles and laws,
The art by which Guarnerius won applause ;
Amati—wonder of the tuneful host,
And Straduarious!—great Cremona's boast."

" Gladly, said Eloquence, that youth I'll teach,
And gift with all my reasoning, method, speech,
Who best in nervous diction can unfold
The rise and progress of an art so old :—
And all my clearness, elegance bestow
On him whose comprehensive mind shall show
Superior theories, and more able rules
For Music, than those followed in her schools."—

She ceased—when glowing with uncommon zeal
(For most the suppliant's wrongs she seemed to feel,)
Sweet Poetry arose, and well exprest
The strong emotions of her throbbing breast.
“ Patron of art, of cultured soul, divine,
Mine be the task, the pleasing study mine,
To immortalize my sister's power and art
In either drama—to enchant the heart ;
And when Italia's language, apt of word,
Shall fail me, all her beauties to record ;
To that the ornament of glorious Spain,
Duteous I'll fly—her magic to explain ;
Whose copious diction, rich, harmonious, strong,
Manly yet soft, is fitted next for song.
Alike where vowels, consonants, abound,
Free from all letters mute, of nasal sound !
Oh how unlike the idiom of the north,
To these compared, for song of little worth,
So thronged with consonants, of tone austere,
Whose liquids give no pleasure to the ear.
In terminations she supplies each want.
Nor in *Esdruxulos* is ever scant.

The Spanish tongue, with numerous beauties stored,
Of words for Music shows an ample hoard;—
That all harsh words, with guttural sounds replete,
The singer's art can render soft and sweet.
And easily the poet when employed,
Of such the repetition may avoid,—
Mine be it then, the tongue of every clime,
To render fit for harmony sublime.
To make the Spanish, lofty deemed, acquire
That sweetness in the Italian we admire;
And to her dialect those tones impart,
By which the Tuscan song so charms the heart.
Nay the enlightened few from day to day,
Who difficulties clear, and aid convey;
And Music teach perfection to attain,
Shall ever live in some mellifluous strain.
While those her charms who question or demean,
Shall feel from satire's bow, an arrow keen,
And that remembrance by her powers may bind,
These precepts of her science on the mind,
Her praises I enraptured will rehearse,
From pole to pole in all the pomp of verse.

From shore to shore proclaim, with honest pride,
I hold myself to harmony allied :
And in sweet rivalry with equal fire,
Shall Poetry and Music strike the lyre."

NOTES

ON CANTO I.

Hast formed for music all the human race.

Line 6—page 3.

The definitions of Music, by various authors who have written on the subject, are too numerous to be inserted.—Rousseau calls it simply, the art of combining sounds, in a manner pleasing to the ear. This art becomes a science, and even a very profound one in its nature, if we examine the principles of these combinations, and the reason of the effects which they produce. It is now chiefly divided into Melody and Harmony. By Melody is meant a succession of sounds capable of producing an agreeable song: Harmony consists in the union of two or more sounds in a regular series, which striking the ear at the same moment, delight it by their consonance.

Rousseau Dict. de Musique, page 579.

Metastasio defines Music—"the art which regulates time and sound, produced either by an instrument, or the human voice."

Estratto della Poet. d' Arist. cap. 1. page 13.

Rameau calls it "a science of sounds"—but not to enter into the various explanations respecting it, I shall notice only the sentiments of Dr. Burney, as conveying the most natural and comprehensive idea.

"Music," says that ingenious writer, "is an innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing. It consists at present of melody, consonance, and dissonance. Melody is a series of sounds more fixed, and generally more lengthened than those of common speech; arranged with graces and of proportional

lengths, such as the mind can easily measure, and the voice express. These sounds are regulated by a scale, consisting of tones and semitones : but admit a variety of arrangements, as unbounded as the imagination.—Consonance is a coincidence of two or more sounds, which being heard together, by their agreements and union—afford to ears capable of judging and feeling—a delight of the most grateful kind. Dissonance is the want of that agreeable union between two or more sounds, which constitutes consonance : in musical composition it is occasioned by the suspension or anticipation of some sound, before, or after it becomes a concord.

Vide Preface page 16 to Hist. of Music.

Translator.

That rhythm, and soft melodious modes reveal.

Line 10—page 7.

Rhythm is a Greek word that signifies number, and is defined by Plato—"The order of movement."—It is called Rhythm, that is to say, number. *Plato lib. ii. de Leg. 664.* Which Metastasio says is the most perceptible distinction of musical compositions ; since the different combinations of the various measures from which the variety is formed, produce that sensible and infinite diversity of one air from another, or one movement, thought, idea, subject, or whatever name you choose to give it. Hence Virgil says,

Numeros memini si verba tenerem.

Rhythm in music is that measure which results from the equal combination of time, with the difference of movements rapid and slow. The moods must be considered here not only as they are properly and specifically called modes, which are either major or minor, as will hereafter be shewn, but also, for any series whatever, of pleasing harmonious sounds, which the Latin Authors in general describe by the words *modi* or *moduli*.—

Hence we say, *modulation*, which is verified, not only when the melody passes from one tone or mode to another (as it is commonly understood) ; but also, when without departing from the same tone and mode it forms a well ordered chant ; in which last

sense a good modulation, a good melody, and a good chant may be considered as synonymous terms.

That diatonically please the ear.—

Line 4—page 9.

The word diatonic is derived from the Greek διὰ, through, and τόνος, tones ; that is to say, passing from one tone to another.—It is considered the most simple and natural scale of music : and in this genus, it is supposed the first songs were composed.

In modern compositions, the present diatonic is rarely preserved, from the difficulty of not using the notes of the chromatic.—It is thought pure when the modulation follows the natural order of sounds ; which those who have a fine ear, and a just voice, instinctively observe though ignorant of the science. Dr. Burney observes, that when no more than two semitones occur in the course of an octave, the melody may be properly styled genuine *diatonic*.—It is, however, to be understood, that a piece of music departs from this scale in which a greater number of semitones occur :—for, says that scientific author, a mere change of modulation, though it occasion a change of key is not a change of *genus* : for while the sounds made use of in harmony and melody, can be referred to any *one* key, the diatonic genus is supposed to be preserved : it is only a regular succession of two or more semitones, ascending or descending, that constitutes *modern chromatic* : although by the ancients every accidental sharp, or flat, which led to a new mode or key would have been called a change of genus.

Translator.

If nought but perfect tones produced the lyre.

Line 20—page 9.

It appearing to the translator that Yriarte, in this part of the canto, had descended to a degree of minuteness unsuitable to the dignity of a didactic poem, and which would probably weary the reader without instructing him, it has been thought advisable to omit in the text the passage which treats of the order of the tones and semitones,

and forming the major and minor keys—and insert it here with his own explanatory note.

The following notes, in pleasing order rise,
 And grateful intervals ascend the skies.—
 The first, the second then, and next the fourth,
 And next the fifth and sixth, display their worth :
 But by melodious laws it is decreed
 The third and seventh by semitones proceed ;
That to the fourth by step minute ascends ;
This to the eighth its course laborious bends.—
 From notes thus placed musicians all agree
 Cheerful and gay proceeds the major key.—
 But if your eyes the minor mode would greet,
 The notes in different order take their seat :
 The semitones which stood as if allied,
 The third and fourth and seventh and eighth beside,
 Must now, obedient to the tuneful ear,
 Between the *second* and the *third* appear ;
 And yielding to the minstrel's ready hand
 Between the *fifth* and *sixth* obsequious stand :
 This done, the minor key, which you require,
 Will show its form, and tender thoughts inspire.

Translator.

The order of the tones and semitones is here described in the minor key, *descending*, which is the most natural arrangement ; and is noted by accidentals, either written, or not, beside the clef.—The other disposition, which is manifest in the same minor mode *ascending*, when from the tonic to the seventh are reckoned five tones and one semitone, instead of four tones and two semitones, and from the proper tonic to the sixth, are counted four tones and one semitone, and not three tones and two semitones,—is considered irregular ; and is therefore only expressed by accidental signs ; which being foreign to the true character of the minor key, are not written adjoining the clef, but in the body of every musical composition, at such times as it may be conceived necessary by the author to give it expression and taste.

The scale chromatic opens on the ear.

Line 22—page 10.

The word *chromatic* is supposed to be derived from *χρῶμα* colour; for as the gradations between black and white are called colours, so this genus being placed between the diatonic and enharmonic, is called chromatic.—Rousseau observes that this genus used to be written in coloured notes: it was deemed by the ancients sweet and pathetic, in opposition to the diatonic, which was considered manly and austere.—Aristides Quintilian affirms that it was thought by them so intricate, as to be sung only by the adepts in the art. This genus, as we have before remarked, is characterized by its having two or more semitones moving in succession, or, to speak more plainly, is wholly composed of semitones and minor thirds.

Brossard says, it is the greatest ornament of modern music: and that every composition is in that scale when the natural order of sounds is changed, and either elevated by sharps, or depressed by flats.

Translator.

Composed of intervals we just suppose—

Line 2—page 11.

The semitones are not perfectly *equal* in theory, although in the actual practical division of our scale, they are used as if they were; and for this reason, I have said that they are *supposed* to be equal, and not that they *really* are so.

That in the just division might be found.

Line 18—page 11.

Having on the one hand explained the distribution of the tones and semitones, whose different arrangement constitutes the two keys, MAJOR and MINOR *of the diatonic scale*, and on the other the nature of the chromatic scale: it will be observed that I have not treated of the flats and sharps, without whose aid it is impossible to form the two *modes* throughout the twelve parts into which our chromatic scale is divided.—But by a short expo-

sition of certain principles it will be seen why the author has not entered minutely upon the subject. In nature there are neither flats nor sharps, and consequently no naturals, which were invented to remove both. Any given note, that is heard, may be termed either flat, sharp, or natural, for it possesses not in itself any absolute character, by which either the one or the other may be distinguished. For this reason, singers are always supposed to sing in a natural key, although the part before them contains many flats or sharps. Every thing consists in the due consideration of the *note*, which they fix upon as tonic; whether it be C, if the key is major, or A if it be minor. The other tones are reduced to the rule of these natural and primitive principles; and thus the order of the intervals that compose the major, made in *ut*, or C sol fa ut, and the minor in la, or A la mi re, being explained, it may be inferred what degrees a semitone ought to *rise* by means of a *sharp*, or *descend* through the medium of a *flat*, to form the proper modes in other keys by the same gradation and method.

This precept I shall elucidate by an example. Let us suppose that for a major key we take by way of tonic, or fundamental note, the second degree of the natural diatonic scale of C sol fa ut,—which is D la sol re.—By following its natural steps we shall find, from its third, F fa ut, to its fourth, which is G sol re ut, there is a distance of a whole tone, which militates against the maxim in these verses,

But by melodious laws it is decreed,
The third and seventh by semitones proceed,
That to the fourth by step minute ascends,
This to the eighth, its course laborious bends.—

It will, therefore, be necessary to raise the F fa ut a semitone by means of a sharp, that it may approximate to G sol re ut: from which it will be distant only half a tone, instead of a whole one.

In the verses above quoted, we have said,

“ *This to the eighth, its course laborious bends :*”

It will be then, necessary that the C sol fa ut, which in itself is natural, and is the seventh note on the D la sol re scale should rise another semitone, in order that from *such note* to the octave there may be also only half a tone instead of a whole one: the result of which clearly is, that the major key in D la sol re, ought to contain two semitones, one in F fa ut, and the other in C sol fa ut, so that the degree of which it is composed may observe the same distance and order as that of C sol fa ut natural, which is proposed as its model. The same is required respectively for the formation of any other scale, whether *major* or *minor* on any given tonic, which prolix operation should not be expressed in a poem, that only offers the elementary and invariable principles of the science, without descending to precepts of less magnitude.

The most convincing proof of the truth of my assertion, that in nature, there are neither sharps nor flats, is this,—if, for example, after playing a sonata that terminates in C sol fa ut natural, we wish to transpose it, by seven sharps, into that of C sol fa ut, we may accomplish it by tuning the instrument, for that purpose, half a tone higher, and playing it as in the natural key: so that the same notes that would be called sharps on an instrument tuned a semitone lower, are called naturals on the like instrument, if tuned a semitone higher. From which we may conclude, that sharps and flats are very useful signs, invented for the writing of Music; and the adjustment of instruments to the human voice: but, without such signs, the nature of the two keys major and minor, may be easily comprehended: a point that I have been desirous to explain in this part of my poem, applicable to the present subject. Finally, when on a natural and diatonic scale, or that which is supposed such, there occurs a note that accidentally rises or falls a semitone (in which case, this very scale itself requires either a flat or a sharp) it arises from the diatonic scale having borrowed some note of the chromatic scale: and these are the simplest principles to which I have been able to reduce the exposition of the system of Music in this particular.

Or deepest known, the double base displays.

Line 12—page 12.

There are many disputes among the profound investigators of

the Musical Art, what limits are to be affixed to the extent of those sounds, called *attainable*; that is, those which the human ear may perceive and distinguish clearly and distinctly, reckoning from the gravest to the most acute. In this particular it is with the ear, as with the sight. There are men who distinguish an object perfectly, at a distance of 200 feet, while others are scarcely able to discern it at fifty. In the same manner a sound that is extremely low or high, which is not perceptible by certain ears, may be distinguished by others of more delicate organs. But as I am to give here a general idea, that sounds have certain limits, and are extremely *low*, as those that are excessively *high*, it is said, only by way of example, that the deepest sound in the compass of the base notes, or the highest of the shrillest pipe—cannot be *precisely* discerned, nor clearly sounded.

Of Melopea the enchanting art.

Line 18—page 14.

The Greeks called Melopœia, the art of composing a song with a good melody.

The sense at once can both disturb and cheer.

Line 8—page 17.

Modulation and disappointed cadence belong to the technical language of music.

Dr. Burney.

*Whate'er a sounding string, or strikes or moves,
'Twill cause vibration, and by means profound,
The octave, fifth, and major third to sound.*

Line 18—page 18.

Strictly speaking, when a tuneful string is struck, its fifth and third do not resound, but the octave of the fifth, which is the 12th; and the double octave to the third, or the 17th; but these very distant intervals we are accustomed to reduce to others more immediate, to facilitate the calculations of harmony.

Great Aretino lavished all his care.

Line 2—page 22.

The ancient Greeks made use of the letters of their alphabet,

either upright, transposed, or inclined to the left. The curious may find these in Alipius, translated into Latin by Meibomius, in the Fathers Kircher, Mersenne, &c. In imitation of them, the Latins from the time of Boethius employed the fifteen first letters of their alphabet. Saint Gregory the Pope, afterwards reduced them to the seven first. In the 11th century, a Benedictine Monk, in the year 1024, according to Baronius named GUIDO ARETINO, or d'Arezzo, from his being a native of the city of Arezzo in Tuscany, having happily substituted in the place of the system of the Greeks, the 6 syllables ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,—he put them at first on different lines, and marked them with points. In the end it was thought eligible to put them likewise in the spaces, but at that period, the points were always of equal value. At last, about 1300 or 1333, a physician of Paris named Jean de Mures, discovered the means of giving these points different figures, which marked the precise time it was necessary to remain upon each, and from this discovery, Musical *notes* date their origin.

Brossard Dict. de Mus. p. 80 and 159.

Translator.

*For great Zarlino (kindred soul) to stray:
Tartini and Salinas, Kircher, bold,
Rameau, Martini, and Cerone old.*

Line 10—page 22.

Among the learned writers who have devoted their time to restore and illustrate the theory of Music, the celebrated Spaniard Francisco Salinas, likewise the Italian Joseph Zarlino, Pedro Cerone (who, though a native of Bergamo, lived a long time in Spain, and wrote in that language) Joseph Tartini and the Father Juan Baptist *Martini*: the Frenchman J. B. *Rameau* and the German *Athanasius Kircher*, merit particular distinction. Though the opinions of these masters are often contradictory, the works of each are here impartially praised; because each of them has contributed to the advancement of the art by different methods.

Francis Salinas, as a celebrated theorist, deserves some account. He was a native of Burgos in Spain; and though blind

from his infancy, was taught very early to sing, and play on the organ. As he grew up he was so eager to pursue the study of literature, that he prevailed on his parents to send him to Salamanca, where during some years he applied closely to the study of the Greek language, philosophy, and the arts in general. But being unable to support himself longer in that university, he was introduced in the king's palace to Peter Sarmentus, archbishop of Compostella, who received and treated him very kindly, and who being soon after created a cardinal, took Salinas with him to Rome. Here he had not only an opportunity of conversing with the learned, but of consulting ancient MSS. particularly those on Music in the Greek language, which have been since collected and published by Meibomius, and Dr. Wallis. In these studies he spent 30 years, and on his return to Salamanca, he was appointed public Professor of Music, and read lectures in that university, both on the theory and practice of the art. However by his long study of Boethius, as well as the ancient Greek theorists, his doctrines seem to have been chiefly speculative, and confined to calculations of ratios, divisions of the monochord, systems of temperament, and the musical pedantry of the times, without bestowing a thought upon harmony, modulation, or even melody—except such as the ecclesiastical modes and species of octaves supplied.—His treatise on music, however, is not only scarce but valuable—as it is written with clearness by a practical musician, who satisfactorily explains several parts of ancient music, which though of little use to the modern, will at least gratify the curious—and though he treats of sects and subtilties, concerning which the present students, either in the theory or practice of the art, are not much interested—yet as the curiosity of some inquirers is boundless, and as the doctrines now exploded or contemned are here collected into a point, those who fancy they can be amused or instructed by the perusal of such discussions will think themselves in possession of a great literary treasure, when they are so fortunate as to find this work, which has for title,

“Francisci Salinæ Burgensis Abbatis Sancti Pancratii de Rocca Scalegna, in regno Neapolitano, et in academia Salmanticensi Musicæ professoris, de musica libri septem, in quibus ejus doctrinæ veritas, tam quæ ad harmoniam, quam quæ ad rythmum

pertinet, juxta sensus ac rationis indicium ostenditur et demonstratur. Salamantiæ, 1577. He died in 1590.

Gioseffo Zarlino da Chioggia, Maestro di Capello of St. Mark's Church at Venice, was the most general, voluminous, and celebrated theorist of the 16th century, and born in 1540. He was author of the following Musical Treatises, which, though separately printed, and at different periods, are generally bound together in one thick folio vol. *Institutione Harmoniche*, Venice, 1558, 1562, 1573, and 1589. *Demonstrationi Harmon.* Ven. 1571, and 1589, *Supplimenti Musicali*, Ven. 1588. We discover by these dates, that Zarlino first appeared as an author at the age of 18, and from that period till he arrived at 49, he was continually revising and augmenting his works. The Musical Science of Zarlino, who died in 1599, may be traced in a right line from the Netherlands—as his master Willaert, the founder of the Venetian School, was a disciple of John Monton, the scholar of the great Josquin. There are few Musical authors more frequently consulted than Zarlino, though the reader is often more discouraged by his prolixity, than enlightened by his science. The most trivial information is involved in such a crowd of words, and the suspense it occasions is so great, that patience and curiosity, must be invincible indeed, to support a musical inquirer through a regular perusal of all his works. However, as there is more pedantry discovered by writers upon Music in general than on any other art, from their ambition of being thought profoundly skilled in the useless jargon of ancient Greek theorists; if we make allowances for Zarlino's infirmity in that particular, many useful precepts, and much curious information concerning the Music of the 16th century may be collected from his works.

Pedro Cerone, published at Naples in 1613, an ample musical treatise, entitled *El Melopeo y Maestro*. It is a scarce and curious book, consisting of near 1200 folio pages, among which, though many are bestowed upon obsolete science, yet there is a complete body of all the speculative and practical musical knowledge of the times.

Giuseppe Tartini was born at Pirano in the province of Istria, in April 1692. His father having been a great benefactor to the cathedral church at Parenzo, had been ennobled in reward

for his piety. Giuseppe was intended for the law, but mixing Music with his other studies during the course of his education, it soon grew too powerful for the rest, and tyrannized over the whole circle of the sister sciences. In 1710, he was sent to the university of Padua, to pursue his studies as a Civilian—but before he was 20, having married without the consent of his parents, they wholly abandoned him, and obliged him to wander about in search of an asylum, which, after many hardships, he found, in a convent at Assiri; where he was received by a monk his relative, who, commiserating his misfortunes, let him remain there till something better could be done for him. Here he practised the violin, to keep off melancholy reflections, but was discovered in a great festival in the orchestra of the church of the convent, by the accident of a remarkably high wind, which, forcing open the door of the church, blew aside the curtain of the orchestra, and exposed all the performers to the sight of the congregation—when being recognized by a Paduan acquaintance, differences were accommodated, and he settled with his wife at Venice. In 1714, he discovered the phenomenon of the third sound. It was here too, and during the carnival of the same year, that he heard and perceived the extraordinary effects of a piece of simple recitative which he mentions in his *Trattato di Musica*. It was also during his residence at Ancona, that by diligent study and practice, he acquired sufficient abilities and reputation to be invited in 1721, to the place of first violin and master of the band in the celebrated church of St. Anthony, of Padua, in which city he resided nearly 50 years, and where this admirable musician and worthy man died in 1770. His merit as an instrumental performer is well known: as a theorist, he published in 1754, his *Trattato di Musica*; and in 1767, his *Dissertazione di principii dell' Armonia Musicale Continuta nel diatonico genere*. Tartini's system has been confuted in the scientific part, and yet, however defective he may be in the calculations as a geometer, there are frequently to be found in his writings such admirable ideas, traits of modulation, and curious harmony, as are invaluable to practical Musicians.

The Padre Martini was author of a History of Music, which he never completed. This learned father began his work on so

large a scale, that though the chief part of his life seems to have been dedicated to it, only 3 volumes were published before his decease, in 1783. The first volume, which is wholly confined to Hebrew Music, appeared in 1757. The second and third volumes, which treat of the Music of the ancient Greeks, appeared in 1770 and in 1781. In 1774, this profound master of harmony published his *Saggio di Contrappunto*, a treatise of inestimable use both to students and professors.

John Philip Rameau was born at Dijon in 1683, and at the age of 18, began the practical study of Music, and having visited Italy, acquired such a proficiency on the organ, that on his return to Paris, he soon became the rival of the celebrated Marchand. But he afterwards neglected that instrument, and applied himself to the theory of Music. He wrote the *Demonstration of the Principle of Harmony*, and at the age of 50, produced his *Hippolyte and Aricie*. The Music of this drama excited professional envy and national discord. But his other numerous productions proved him to be superior to all competition. His style of composition, which continued in favour without interruption almost 40 years, though formed upon that of Lulli, is more rich in harmony, and more varied in melody. The *genre*, however displeasing to all ears but those of France, which had been nursed in it, was carried by the learning and genius of Rameau to its *acme* of perfection. He died in 1764.

As a theorist, his system, compressed and arranged by D'Alembert, is perhaps the shortest, clearest, and best digested, that is extant—and yet from the geometrical precision with which it has been drawn up by that able mathematician, many explanatory notes and examples are wanting to render Rameau's doctrine intelligible to musical students in the first stages of their application; and even after that, the work to be rendered a *complete theory* would require many additions of late discoveries and improvements both in the theory and practice of harmony.

Athanasius Kircher, a jesuit of Fulda was an able mathematician and a profound scholar—he was a professor at Wurtzburgh in Franconia from whence on the entrance of the Swedes into Germany he retired to France; where he entered into a great controversy with Father Maignan; and then went to

Italy, where he died in 1680, aged 79. He was author of many learned works—and among others of the *Mirsurgia Universalis*, in 2 vol. fol. 1650. He has been severely censured by Meibomius and others for his barbarous Latin, and unclassical ideas of ancient music, as well as for his credulity and want of taste, in selecting his facts and materials—his *Mirsurgia* however contains much curious and useful information, for such as know how to sift truth from error, and usefulness from futility. He was a great visionary in his opinions; every thing that bore the mark of antiquity was precious in his eyes. This mania often exposed him to ridicule. It is said that some young people, desirous of diverting themselves at his expense caused to be engraved on a stone various fantastical characters, and buried this stone in a place which they knew would shortly be built upon. While the foundation was preparing for the intended building, the stone was discovered, and triumphantly carried to Kircher, as a wonderful treasure. The erudite, transported with joy, sat about explaining the characters, and after the most elaborate attention was enabled to trace several high sounding words, from which, as might be expected neither sense nor connexion could be extracted; but which the father piously imagined to be the remains of some unknown language. Menekin relates another adventure that befel this antiquary, not less amusing. One of his friends presented him with a sheet of Chinese paper, upon which he had inscribed certain characters, that appeared wholly unknown to Kircher: after passing many unavailing nights, and wasting considerable time, the friend at length made a candid confession of the fraud he had practised upon him, and exposing the mysterious paper to a magnifying glass, the learned Jesuit immediately recognized the Lombard characters; which had only given him so much trouble, because they were written backwards.

Translator.

Then counterpoint burst forth in second birth.

Line 18—page 22.

Whether the ancients had any knowledge of Music in parts, or counterpoint, is a subject that has given birth to a variety

of disquisitions and disputes. The prevailing opinion among scientific writers is, that they were ignorant of that species of composition: but such of my readers who feel disposed to investigate the point, are referred to Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. i. page 112, where they will find the matter very ably discussed.

Translator.

Called measure man, and beauteous woman tone.—

Line 12—page 24.

This extract is from “De Poematum cantu et viribus Rythmi,” which superior critics, such as Franckenau, Morhofius, Du Bos, &c. &c. attribute to Isaac Vossius—page 14 of the Oxford edition, printed in 1673. Hinc est, (he says) quod Pythagorici cantum feminam; Rythmum vero, marem appellant.

The one is binary announced in song.

Line 3—page 25.

Formerly triple time was considered the most perfect, as may be seen in chap. v of the 17th book of Pedro Cerone. The reasons upon which his opinion is founded have appeared futile to the moderns, and consequently by *perfect* measure is now understood common time.

First comes the semibreve of greatest length.

Line 13—page 25.

There are however three notes of longer duration than the semibreve, namely the *breve*, the *long*, and the *large*: but these have little or no use in modern music:—since by tying many semibreves together, the same effect is produced as if notes were written of greater length than the semibreve.

Iphigenia, dear, illfated maid.

Line 20—page 28.

Pliny, in his description of this famous picture, by Timanthes, observes, “that the painter having exhausted every image of grief in the bystanders, and above all in the uncle; threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was unable to express.” Lib. xxxv. 10.

It has been imagined that Timanthes borrowed this thought from the following passage in Sophocles.

———Ως δ' εσειδεν Αγαμεμνων αναξ
 Εκισφαγας σειχουσαν εις αλσος κορην,
 Ανεστιναξε καμπαλιν στρεψας καρα,
 Δακρυα προσηγεν ομματων πεπλον προθεις.

Translator.

NOTES

ON CANTO II.

And with the charm of poetry exprest.

Line 15—page 41.

If painting be inferior to poetry, Music, considered as an imitative art, must be greatly inferior to painting : for as Music has no means of explaining the motives of its various impressions, its imitations of the manners and passions must be extremely vague and undecisive; for instance, the tender and melting tones which maybe expressive of the passion of love, will be equally in unison with the collateral feelings of benevolence, friendship, pity, and the like.—Again, how are we to distinguish the rapid movements of anger, from those of terror, distraction, and all the violent agitations of the soul? But let Poetry cooperate with Music, and specify the motive of each particular impression, we are no longer at a loss; we acknowledge the agreement of the sound with the ideas; and general impressions become specific indications of the manners and the passions.

Webb on Painting and Poetry, vol. ii. page 103,
Translator,

And wrought effects, which some might fabled deem.

Line 21—page 41.

Music was in the highest esteem among various nations of antiquity, and principally among the Greeks; and this estimation was in proportion to the power and the surprising effects attributed to the art. These authors believe they do not give us too grand an idea of it, by saying that it took its rise in heaven, and that it formed the principal amusement of the gods and of the souls of the happy. *Plato* did not hesitate to say that we cannot make

any change in *Music*, without occasioning one in the constitution of the state ; and pretends that it is possible to produce sounds capable of creating baseness of soul, audacity, and the opposite virtues. *Aristotle*, who appears only to have written his *Politics* in order to oppose the sentiments of *Plato*, agrees, however, with him on the influence of *Music* over the public morals. The judicious *Polybius* informs us that *Music* was essential, in softening the manners of the *Arcadians*, who inhabited a country, the climate of which was comfortless and cold ; that those of *Cynetæ*, who neglected *Music*, surpassed in cruelty the rest of the *Greeks*, and that there was no city in which so many crimes were committed. *Athenæus* assures us that formerly all the laws divine and human, the exhortations to virtue, the knowledge of all that concerned their gods or their heroes—the lives and actions of illustrious men, were written in verse, and publicly sung by the chorus to the sound of instruments : and we perceive by the sacred writings that such was from the earliest times the custom of the *Israelites*.—No other means were then discovered so efficacious as these to imprint on the mind of men the principles of morality, and the love of virtue.

Music has now so much degenerated in power and majesty, as to make us doubt the truth of the wonderful things which it formerly performed ; although attested by the most judicious historians, and the gravest philosophers of antiquity. We nevertheless find in modern history some similar facts. If *Timotheus* excited the fury of *Alexander* by the *Phrygian mode*, and soothed him by the *Lydian*, a composition more modern surpassed it in power, by exciting it is said, in *Eric*, king of *Denmark*, such transports of rage, that his best servants were often the victims of his phrenzy. These unfortunate people were doubtless less sensible of the power of music than their Prince ; otherwise he himself might have experienced a portion of the danger. *D'Aubigny* relates another history very similar to that of *Timotheus*. He says that under *Henry III.* the musician *Claudin*, performing at the marriage of the *Duke de Joyeuse* in the *Phrygian mode*, he roused, not the king, but a courtier, who so far forgot himself as to seize his arms, in the presence of his sovereign ; but the musician hastily, calmed him by assuming the *mode hypophrygian*. This is stated with as much assurance as if the musician *Claudin*

was able exactly to know in what the Phrygian and the hypophrygian modes consisted.—

If our Music has but little power over the affections of the soul, it is capable, in its turn, of acting physically upon the body—witness the history of the Tarantula, which is too well known to need description.—This is corroborated by the tears which Boyle asserts certain females used to shed when they heard a particular tone, by which the rest of the auditors were not affected: and “I knew at Paris,” says Rousseau, “a lady of distinction who could not hear *Music* of any kind whatever without being seized with an involuntary and convulsive laugh. We read also in the Academy of Sciences, at Paris—that a musician was cured of a violent fever by a concert that was performed in his chamber.

Rousseau Dict. de Musique, p. 591 and 592.

There is also a remarkable incident mentioned by Dr. Burney (vol. iv. p. 100.) in the life of Stradella, who more than once disarmed the rage of assassins by the powers of his voice.

But it is among the Hindûs that we are presented with the most extraordinary instances of the power of Music as exemplified in their *raugs* or melodies. Whatever magic was in the touch, when Orpheus swept his lyre, or Timotheus swelled his softly breathing flute, the effects said to have been produced by these *raugs* are more wonderful than any of those ascribed to the modes of the ancients. *Mia Tonsini*, a great musician in the time of king *Akber*, sang one of the night *raugs* at mid-day; the powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace, as far as the sound of his voice could be heard. There is a tradition that whoever shall attempt to sing the *Raug Dheepuck* is to be destroyed by fire. The emperor *Akber* ordered *Naik Gopaul*, a celebrated musician, to sing that *raug*:—he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; the emperor insisted on obedience; he therefore requested permission to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of 6 months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the waters of the *Jumna*, till they reached his neck: as soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river gradually became hot; at length began to boil—and the agonies of the unhappy musician were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment

the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but sued in vain. Akber wished to prove more strongly the powers of the raug. *Naik Gopaul* renewed the fatal song—flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes. *Ouseley's Orient. Coll.*—This will remind the classical reader of the passage in the 21st book of the Iliad, where the river Scamander attacks Achilles, pursues and threatens to overwhelm him with all his waves, till Vulcan, at the instigation of Juno, comes down from heaven to chastise the insolence of Scamander, whose water he scorches and dries up with fire.

Translator.

By corresponding trills and flights maintain.

Line 14—page 44.

Variations in general are vicious ornaments, and bespeak a bad taste: but when introduced with moderation, they may with propriety be admitted, as in the attempt to express *Joy*. In every other disposition of the mind, they appear inapplicable, and excite no other effect than admiration when executed with skill.

Songs, that capricious passages embrace.

Line 17—page 44.

To the kind of music here described the Italians give the name of *Scherzo*; and the modern German composers use it with singular propriety and grace. It consists principally in the time being accurately observed by beats; which is called *hopping*, for want of a more significant word, to characterize the style of this spirited measure, so appropriate to the lively dance.—

The trino and mordente's trembling tone.

Line 18—page 56.

Concerning the *trino* or *trillo*, and *mordente*, and other ornaments of song, curious professors may consult Giovanni Battista Mancini, who has written a book on the subject, entitled, “*Riflessioni pratiche su il canto figurato* ;” and in a particular manner the 10th article, page 155 and following, of the 3d edition, published at Milan in the year 1777.—

NOTES

ON CANTO III.

*Ye Censors, swoln with academic pride,
Of Music who the various powers deride !*

Line 1—page 61.

THERE have been writers who censure Music, considering it as a frivolous and useless art, without dignity, and even prejudicial to society. Tomas Garzoni, in his elaborate Italian work, called “*La Piazza universale de tutte le professione del mondo*,” in his forty-second discourse, has taken the trouble to transcribe at length, and refute the opinions of those inimical to Music : and it will not appear injudicious in me, here to have undertaken its defence, because there are persons so singularly disposed, as I observed in my Preface to this Poem, as willingly to lend an ear to reason, though they refuse to listen to harmony.

“Mankind,” says Dr. Burney, “always seem more ready to own deficiency in any other sense than that of hearing and feeling, when Music is in question.” “I am so near sighted, that I did not know you, pray pardon me, sir.” But who ever confesses, with equal frankness, that his contempt for Music arises from any other cause, than superiority of judgment or pursuits? No one says, “Doubtless the Music you have composed, performed, or praised, may be exquisite, but my ear is not so well constructed, as to vibrate truly on hearing it ;” or allows that he wants feeling and taste for such elegant works of art. Vol. iii. p. 49.

Translator.

Emotions that with Music harmonize.

Line 6—page 63.

Sounds have even an effect upon inanimate bodies, as may be observed by the shivering, and the resonance of a sonorous body by the sound of another with which it may, in a certain degree be in unison.

Morhoff mentions a person, by name Petter, a Dutchman, who broke a glass by the sound of his voice. *Kircher* speaks of a great stone, that trembled at the sound of a certain pipe of the organ. Father *Mersenne* likewise speaks of a species of *carreau*, which shook at the playing of an organ, as if there had been an earthquake. *Boyle* adds, that the stalls quiver at the sound of the organ: that he has felt them tremble under his hand, at the sound of that instrument, or the voice, and that he has been assured, those that were well made, trembled always at the striking of some determined sound. Every body has heard of the famous pillar of one of the churches at Rheims, which shook very sensibly at the sound of a certain clock, while the other pillars remained without motion. “But,” adds the ingenious writer, “what has taken from sound the honour of the marvellous is, that the same pillar equally shook when they removed the clapper of the bell.

Rousseau Dict. de Mus. tom ii. p. 593.

Translator.

The Celt, Chinese, the Arab, prone to rove,

Line 5—page 64.

In addition to the nations here specified, many others might be mentioned, with whom Music is held in the highest esteem.

The martial Music of the Turks is, however, of the most barbarous kind: enormous drums, struck with a kind of mallet, mingle a dead noise with the clear and lively sound of the small kettle drums, which are accompanied by clarinets and the shrill trumpets, the tones of which they force to complete the most discordant crash that can be imagined.

Their chamber Music, on the contrary, is soft; and if one is displeased with the monotony of semitones, which at first is very disagreeable, one cannot but allow it a sort of melancholy ex-

pression with which the Turks are very powerfully affected. A violin with three strings, tuned to the Jew's harp, the viol d'amour, which they have adopted, the dervise flute, softer than the German flute, the tambour, a sort of mandoline with a long handle and wire strings, the reed, or Pan's flute, and the *tambour de basque*, to mark the time, usually compose their orchestra *. It is placed at the bottom of an apartment, where the musicians squat upon the ground, play melodious or quick airs without written music, but always in unison, whilst the company, in profound silence, get intoxicated with an enthusiastic languor, by smoking their pipes, and taking pills of opium. *Memoirs of the Baron de Tott. vol. i. p. 174.*

The natives of India appear to be better musicians than the Turks—"many of the Hindu melodies (to use the words of an excellent musician) possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish; and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description." These melodies are of a peculiar genus—and of the three ancient genera of the Greeks, resemble most the *enharmonic*. The more modern compositions are of that species termed *diatonic*. A considerable difficulty is found in setting to music the *raugs* or *rauginees*, as our system does not supply notes or signs sufficiently expressive of the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies, of which the time is broken and irregular, the modulations frequent and very wild. *Counterpoint* seems not to have entered at any time into the system of Indian music—nor do any of our ingenious Orientalists speak of it as being known in Hindostan. The books however, which treat of the music of that country are numerous and curious—we refer the reader to the learned observations of Sir William Jones, on the musical Modes and the instruments of the Hindus. It may be briefly stated here, that they have a *ganmut* consisting of seven notes, like our own, which, being repeated in three several octaves, form in all a scale of twenty-one natural notes. In each of the three octaves, wherein these seven notes are repeated, there are twenty-two *sonti* (or *dieses*), by which the major and minor tones are most curiously distinguished. The

* The curious may see a description of the several instruments in Bonanni, p. 131. 139, &c.

principal national instruments of the Hindus are the *serinda*, or Bengal violin, which has three strings, made of a certain kind of silk ; the *baaseree*, or pipe of *Chrishnah*, the Hindu Apollo ; one perforated bamboo, similar to our flageolet, except that each hole is not so exactly divided by notes, but many by half notes ; its tone is soft and plaintive, and so easily filled, that some blow it with their nostrils ; and the *tomeree*, an instrument more common in the Deckan than in Bengal. It is formed of a gourd, or *cuddos* nut, and two small perforated bamboos, with reeds in each, like those of the bag-pipe.

Translator.

In Memphis to the drum, and sistra's, sound.

Line 13—p. 66.

Those who are desirous to obtain a particular knowledge of these and other Musical instruments of the Hebrews, may read with much advantage, the curious investigations of Father Martini, in the first volume of his *History of Music* : those of the Abbe Mattei in various dissertations, with which he has illustrated his elegant translation of the Psalms in Italian verse ; *il Gabinetto Harmonico* of P. Philip Bonanni, and the Latin dissertation of Francisco Bianchini, “ *De tribus generibus instrumentorum Musicæ Veterum organicæ.*”

“ The sacred instruments of antiquity,” observes a learned and ingenious writer, “ have nearly all of them a mythological allusion. The *cymbals*, whose exquisite notes resounded during the celebration of the rites of the Grecian Rhea, were allegorical of the harmony that pervades universal nature, of which she herself was the personification. The *sistra* of Isis, in Egypt, with the three cross bars of gold, silver or brass, denoted the *three elements* of nature, to a race who considered water only as the aerial element condensed.

The violent agitation, and rattling noise of these bars, when the sistra was shaken at her festival, pointed out the concussion of the primitive atoms, and the elementary conflict that prevailed at the birth of Nature. The conch of India, naturally brings to our recollection the testudo, or tortoise shell, of which Mercury formed his famous lyre, whose three strings had

a mythological allusion to the three seasons that composed the Egyptian year, and were made of the sinews of Typhon the evil genius, to show, that out of discord, true harmony arises. The shell is always blown by the Bralminis in the same manner as the wind instruments of the Jews: the *shaphar*, or trumpet, and the *Jubal*, or ram'shorn, during their religious ceremonies were blown by the priest alone.

Indian Antiquities, vol. v. p. 900, and following.
Translator.

That which is called Gregorian, choral plain.

Line 14—p. 67.

In addition to the plain song, with which it is hoped none can fail of being familiar, after the description of it already given, and of the organic chant, which is to be understood here as admitting of the most brilliant and fanciful ornaments of counterpoint, (such as occur, for example, in masses, solemnly performed by many voices and instruments), there is a rhythmical chant applicable to hymns and anthems, that partakes of both; which, without being so complex as the organic chant, is more varied than the plain or choral, and is described page 68, under the title of florid song. P. F. Pablo Nassarre, in his "School of Music," tom. 1. lib. ii. chap. 19. calls it *mixed* song. Others, who appear not to understand this distinction, confound it generally with the organic chant, considering as synonymous the words organic song and florid song. But the difference here made between these three chants is founded on the opinion and practice of those who have written with accuracy on the subject: since to hear sung, for example, the "*Pange lingua*," no intelligent person will strictly call it organic chant, nor even pure plain song, but florid song.

But these to five we limit with due care.

Line 5—p. 68.

The feasts in the Catholic Church are of the first class, or the second, the greater double, the less double, or the semi-double. In the most solemn, an air is used slower than the rest: and these five varieties of movements correspond with the five musical airs, Largo, Adagio, Andante, Allegro, and Presto.—See Canto I. verse 17, page 27.

To John Damascenus didst prompt the lay.

Line 22.—P. 69.

Although it is well known that the ecclesiastical song was restored by St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, in the West—and in the East by St. Basil; many are ignorant that the person who likewise contributed to it in the *East* was St. John Damascenus. The Abbe Gerberto, in his inestimable work “*De Cantu et Musica Sacra*,” has elucidated this matter with considerable erudition; and also many other important points, in his *History of Music*, tom. ii. chap. i.

But for the purposes of songs divine.

Line 10—p. 70.

The vocal parts appropriate to sacred Music, each differing from the other in tone and compass, are principally four; that is to say, the treble, first and second, the latter being a third lower than the former, the perfect contralto, which is a third below the second treble, the tenor, which descends still three notes, and finally the base; the total extension of the human voice from the lowest note of the base to the highest of the treble, though it may vary according to the compass of some singers; being generally observed not to pass 27 notes, exclusive of the falsetto, to be clearly sung, and perfectly in tune. The other voices, such as the baxetc, usually called baritono, between the tenor and the base; the mezzo soprauo, and soprano; without being necessary in the chant, are thus illegitimately formed, and are more proper for the Theatre than the purposes of religious worship.

As writers who in history engage.

Line 7—page 71.

As the precept here given in regard to Music, is similar to that which Horace, in his Epistle to the Pisos, has applied to Poetry*, the author has not hesitated to insert it in his Poem; nor to employ the following, which will be found in the fifth Canto, verse 21, p. 137.

* *Aetatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.* Ver. 136.

who depart,
 From the fixed principles and rules of art *
 Without a guide, as they one error shun,
 Oft into others far more fatal run.

*Since we no treble in the bases trace,
 Nor on the violin, or tenor, base.*

line 20—page 70.

The violoncello sometimes rises so as to produce certain notes that belong to the base of the violin, and the violin and tenor so descend as to bring forth those of the first strings of the violoncello, which in its turn produces those of the double base, but there is no instrument, that at once, so completely embraces all the sounds that usually occur in the scale of treble and base, as the organ or the harpsichord.

The works of thy rich harmonists display.

line 2—page 75.

The plan of a poem which is not intended as a mere historical narrative, will not permit me to cite the many illustrious Maestros de capella that have flourished, and who now exist in Spain. I shall therefore only mention the names of some of the most ancient composers; as Carlos Patiño, Juan Roldan, Vicente Garcia, Matias Juan Viana, (who is considered the inventor of the running base) Francisco Guerrero, Luis Vittoria, Matias Ruiz, Christoval Morales, Sebastian Duron, D. Antonio Literes, Don Josef de San Juan, and D. Joseph Nebra.

The translator has omitted, in the text, the names which the author has enumerated, from a persuasion that besides their unmetrical effect, they would excite little interest in the English reader; and he has not inserted any biographical notices of them here, as he thought it as unnecessary as it would have been difficult to convey much information of men, whose merit and fame are entirely confined to their own country.

* In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte. Verse 31.

The Spanish practical musicians have not been so universally celebrated as their two great Theorists. Bartholomew Ramis, who published his tract at Bologna, in 1482, and Salinas, in 1577, were authors to whose arguments we are indebted for the rational system of harmony we this day possess. They destroyed the Pythagorean prejudices, and the Ptolemaic absurdities; which would have for ever obstructed the practical advancement of Music, as they had done for nearly 2000 years. Dr. Callcott.

Oh! with what zeal from thy stupendous hoard.

line 3—page 75.

A curious professor of known probity, has calculated, that by the cathedral, and collegiate churches alone in Spain, possessing regular chapels more than 400,000 ducats are annually appropriated as a fixed revenue to the support of Music consecrated to divine worship. Not to mention the emoluments of every professor during particular festivals, which in Madrid only amount every year to 20,000 dollars.

His imperfections scan, his beauties boast.

line 10—page 79.

The eulogium bestowed on the flourishing state of Music, now manifest in the band of the Royal Chapel, is, by no means, a poetical exaggeration. Although, in the various courts of Europe, there are, undoubtedly, many eminent musicians; ingenious and dispassionate writers confess that, no where, is to be found, a body of men so excellent. It is at least certain, that every individual undergoes a rigorous trial, and an examination which does not take place in other countries, for which reason it was thought a fit subject for an episode in a poem, written in the Spanish language. The same examination is observed with respect to singers, but the competition relative to instrumental Music was made choice of as being the more poetical in the description, and to give greater dignity to the subject. I have, therefore, only spoken of the Royal Chapel, although the same operation which I have described is practised in many other chapels throughout the kingdom.

NOTES

ON CANTO IV.

Verse was no longer sung, but harshly read.

line 18—page 90.

It is certain that the Greeks and the Romans constantly sung their verses, and, therefore, with propriety, began their poems, by saying, “ I sing.” The moderns, in imitation of the ancients, observe the same custom ; but, except the authority of custom, we have nothing to plead in excuse ; for, although we recite or declaim our verses in a style different from prose, we do not deliver them so melodiously as to admit of our giving them the name of song.

Till Metastasio, bard enlightened ! rose.

line 6—page 91.

This eulogium, says Dr. Burney, will not appear inflated, when we learn that the most judicious critics in Italy, where the melodrama is best understood, after analysing the dramas of this author, and witnessing the failure of his successors, are of opinion, that good taste in theatrical representations in Music was born, and died, with Metastasio.

Memoirs of Metastasio, Vol. I. page 325.—Translator.

Jomelli's blest abode.

line 13—page 92.

It has been thought necessary to make some particular mention of this celebrated composer, to justify the motive of making him the instrument of the description of theatrical Music,

to which end I shall make an extract from the learned Abbé Mattei, entitled, "Saggio de Poesie Latine ed Italiane;" in which will be found, minutely related, the honours paid to his memory at Naples, on the 11th of November, 1774, at the end of vol. ii. page 268.

Jomelli was born at Atella, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1714, and died in Naples, on the 28th of August, 1774.—He distinguished himself by the suavity of his manners, and principally by his moderation in judging favourably of his musical companions, ever making them the subject of eulogium, although many did not manifest the same candour towards himself. His knowledge was not confined to his particular profession. He wrote verses with no little taste. Exclusive of the perfect knowledge that he acquired of practical Music, under the famous Leonardo Leo, he studied, fundamentally, its theory, under the direction of the celebrated Martini, whose precepts he disdained not to follow, although he had composed dramas, with success, for the principal theatres. Having been master of one of the conservatorios of Venice, and served in the church of St. Peter, at Rome, he was invited to the court of Stutgard, where he held a permanent situation many years; was treated with great distinction, and liberally recompensed by the Duke of Wirtemberg. The King of Portugal, although he never succeeded in getting him to Lisbon, granted him a considerable pension under no other restriction than that he should send him copies of every thing which he composed. He retired to Naples, in consequence of the infirmities of his wife, and passed the close of life quietly, residing chiefly in a very handsome house in the country of Aversa.

His compositions will remain an eternal monument of his talents, but of these there are not many in Italy; for as it was ever his intention to return to Germany, he left all his papers at Stutgard, where the Duke of Wirtemberg, considering them a treasure, zealously retained them. Jomelli was enabled to distinguish himself among his cotemporaries, by a style peculiarly his own: his imagination was ever fertile; his flights always lyric and Pindaric; passing from one key to another, in a manner wholly new, yet scientifically irregular. He wrote a considerable number of works, being rather a hasty writer. But, extraordinary as

it may appear, his great defect was too much artifice and intricacy; an error more common to those who write but little with care and caution, than to those who write with rapidity and force. While the skill and difficulty manifest in his works gained him the applause of the scientific, he often failed in the theatre in exciting the plaudits of the public. Music so admirable as his, which, to give it effect, required a combination of talent, excellent execution, and a perfect silence on the part of the audience, could not interest the fastidious and arrogant minds of the Italians, who deem the Music of Jomelli, Gluck, Bach, and Hasse austere, and of German origin; preferring to these the *Barcarolas* of Venice, which style possesses more foliage and luxuriance than fruit. In all the theatres of Italy, there prevails, besides, so much confusion, that few attend to the action of the drama, and such are the general noise and conversation, that rarely any air of importance is listened to with attention. Jomelli, on coming to Naples, composed the opera of *Armida*, but whether he was a favourite, or whether the singers, being truly skilful, executed with facility the most difficult parts, his *Armida* received equal commendation from the ingenious and the ignorant. He composed afterwards his *Demophonte*, and though he deviated a little from the popular taste, he no less charmed the vulgar, and delighted the professors, than by his *Armida*. After which he produced, somewhat imprudently, his *Iphigenia*, in a style more exquisite and elevated; and though the public at this took disgust, it must be confessed that their disapprobation principally arose from the piece being ill represented, the singers not having had sufficient time to rehearse the opera, Jomelli himself having finished it only the very day it was given to the theatre. A few nights afterwards, the piece, which is now so generally admired, was withdrawn. Still though it was, and ever will be thought by judges, superior to the two preceding dramas, (such are the capricious vicissitudes of theatrical representations,) Jomelli was much chagrined at its failure, and a little time after he had an apoplectic fit. From this attack, however, he recovered, and wrote, with some resentment, a cantata, to celebrate the delivery of the Queen of Naples, containing some admirable musical passages. His last work was the *Miserere*, for two voices, which was put into Italian verse by the before-mentioned Mattei. This writer, from whose works these notes are extracted,

although the intimate friend of Jomelli, setting aside all prejudice, has expressed himself with impartiality :—His opinion in matters of musical taste will, therefore, doubtless, not only have weight from his having composed a judicious dissertation on the *Philosophy of Music*, but from the proof he has given of great ability and delicacy, in regard to the poetry applicable to song, in his translation of the Psalms.

*Friends ! he exclaimed, while we to Spain assign
The palm for vocal harmony divine.*

line 11—page 93.

The various opinions and partialities of some European nations, with respect to a preference in Music, have occasioned, from the earliest period to the present day, controversies capable of intimidating and confounding any one, however his judgment might decide against, or in favour of, any particular country. The author of “*La Musica*,” has dispassionately thought that the Spaniards, Italians, the French, and the Germans, merit praise, though of different species, as having excelled in distinct branches of musical science. Spain has produced the most learned and ingenious composers of ecclesiastical Music, some of whom are named in the notes on the third Canto, page 177, and many others might be cited by persons disposed to undertake a history of Spanish Music. The Germans and Bohemians have of late distinguished themselves in instrumental Music, giving to their harmonious and nervous style all the graces and sweetness of the Italian school.—In the department of symphonies, the names of Haydn, Vanhall, Schwindl, Gasman, John Charles and Anthony Stamitz, Bach, Wagenseil, Filtz, Cannabich, Cramer, Toesky, Vanmaldere, Kam-mell, Camerlocher, Schmidt, Ditters, Asplamair, Hueber, or Huber, Mislewececk, (who has also composed vocal Music with much success) will long be remembered, with many others of inferior merit, whose names, from their harshness and discordance with the melody of Spanish metre, are not expressed in the fifth section of the fifth Canto, devoted to the eulogium on German composers. On the other hand, who is ignorant of the excellent theories written in France, by Mersenne, Sauveur, Burette, Nivers, Blainville, Rameau, d’Alembert, Rousseau, Serre, Rous-

sier, Balliere, Mercadier, Jamard, Bethizy, and many other profound investigators both of the principles and history of Music? And lastly, what professor or amateur is there, who, by recurring only to memory, cannot form a very extensive catalogue of eminent Italian composers, masters of theatrical Music? For these reasons, which are incontrovertible, we may affirm, that Spain is entitled, if not exclusively, yet nearly so, to high renown for ecclesiastical Music; Italy for theatrical; Germany for instrumental; and France for learned writers, on the elements and theory of musical science.

Pathetic hautboys—the mellifluous flute.

line 5—page 96.

The word *pathetic* is not to be taken for sorrowful and languid, according to its general acceptation, but for its expressive power in moving the passions: for this reason the hautboy is very properly termed pathetic. The hautboy possesses this excellence in an eminent degree, it being an instrument that most resembles the human voice.

Follows that mighty painter, Theon's skill.

line 6—page 99.

Ælian, variæ Historiæ, lib. 2, cap. 44.

Now, ceased the band: in recitation plain*

The actor comes and sings his joy or pain.

line 19—page 99.

The annals of modern Music have hitherto produced no event so important to the progress of the art as the recovery of *recitative*, or dramatic melody. This is attributed to Jacopo Pere, and arose out of the following circumstance. Some persons of

* The word *recitative*, from its peculiar accent being thought inadmissible in English poetry, the translator, by the advice of his musical friends, has been induced to substitute the word *recitation*, in which sense, however, it is to be understood.

taste and letters in Tuscany, being discontented with every former attempt at perfecting dramatic poetry and exhibitions, determined to unite the best lyric poet with the best musician of their time; three Florentine noblemen, therefore, Giovanne Barde, Count of Verneo; Pietro Strozzi, and Jacopo Corse, all learned and enlightened lovers of the fine arts, chose Ottavio Renuccini and Jacopo Pere, their countrymen, to write and set to Music the drama of *Dafne*, which was performed in the house of Signor Corsi, in 1597, with great applause; and this seems the true æra whence the *opera*, a drama wholly *set to music*, and in which the dialogue was neither sung in measure, nor declaimed without music, but recited in simple musical tones, which amounted not to singing, and yet was different from speech, should be dated.

Burney's History of Music, Vol. III. page 18.

See also Walker's Historical Memoir on Ital. Tragedy, page 191.

Translator.

*Her loved Demetrius, to save his sire,
Pierce his impassioned bosom—and expire.*

line 7—page 102.

This passage alludes to the seventh scene in the third act of the *Antigone* of Metastasio, which has been set to Music by the most celebrated composers.

*The various figures rhetoric affords,
Allusions, tropes are used, sententious words.*

line 17—page 102.

The Cavaliere Antonio Planelli, in his treatise *Dell Opera in Musica*, (page 85,) asserts, with that delicacy of taste so conspicuous in his work, that maxims, sentences, and comparisons, ought rarely to be the subject of airs; which are better employed in expressing emotions. But, although it is admitted that sentences add little to the invention of Music, we cannot speak so absolutely in regard to comparisons if they present images, that may be imitated by Music. Poets, however, are accustomed to introduce them so improperly, and so frequently, that this prudent ad-

monition of Planelli may have its use. But this is not a defect of the musical composer; therefore, what is here stated, is of a question purely poetical; still, though the recurrence of sentences, metaphors, and comparisons, be so frequent in airs, it appears that the definition of them would be incomplete, if considering them not as they are, but as they should be, we simply call them songs by which the passions are expressed.

*Such strophes sweet, emotions that declare,
Are called canzone—canzonetta—Air.*

line 21—page 102.

Many years had elapsed after the recovery of recitative (which some suppose the style with which the ancient Greeks and Romans produced such great effects by their dramatic representations) before that Anacreontic stanza, which has since been called *Aria*, was introduced in the musical drama. The grave recitative was in this manner first interrupted in the opera of *Giasone*, which was written by Andrew Cicogniani, set by Cavalli, and performed in the year 1649. They were chiefly then at the beginning of scenes, not at the end, as in the operas of the present day. Dr. Burney further observes, that though airs, accompanied with instruments, playing different melodies from the voice part may be difficult to defend by cold reason and criticism; they are nevertheless very delightful to sense.

History of Music, Vol. III. page 59, 60—Translator.

To song and symphony 'tis seen they owe.

line 3—page 103.

The word symphony is used here in its most proper signification, which is that of the conjoint harmony of an orchestra, and not as it applies to the composition called *overture*.

When we the song to recitation change.

line 7—page 104.

In the airs of good masters it is often observed, that the song is interrupted by some recited verses, whose expression frequently

produces an excellent effect, and may be reputed one of the fountains of musical variety. It is by these means that a change in the time and the air is pointed out : by which we pass suddenly from one tone to another, and employ unisons in certain passages alternately with others, replete with harmony. From counter positions like these, there arises in Music, as in Painting, what is called light and shade ; and it is to be observed, that in this diversity the attraction of modern Music, both vocal and instrumental, principally consists ; and that even by the frequent use of the piano and forte a variety is likewise introduced in both, which gives a novelty to things the most familiar.

Nor strive each other to outshine through pride.

line 13—page 108.

P. Francisco Tosi observes, that all compositions for more than one voice ought to be sung strictly as they are writtten, nor do they require any other art but a noble simplicity. I remember, adds that ingenious writer, to have heard once a famous *duetto* torn to atoms by two renowned singers, in emulation ; the one proposing, the other by turns answering, that at last it ended in a contest who could produce the most extravagancies.

Observations on the Florid Song, page 150.—Translator.

In Vinci, Leo's strains shall never die ;

In Pergolesi's and in Lulli's shine—

In Porpora and Handel—deemed divine ;

Live in Sacchini's song, with charms replete,

In Feo's bold—in Paesiello's sweet.

line 4—page 110.

Independently of the names mentioned in the text, Yriarte has enumerated the following well-known and celebrated composers ; Galluppi, Perez, Trajeta, Mayo, Cafaro, Piccini, Hasse, and Nauman.

Whose numerous beauties praise must ever gain.

line 10—page 110.

It is the province of genius to render pleasing even those improprieties that judgment disapproves, and these are what Quintilian calls agreeable errors (*dulcius vitiis*) in his introduction to Eloquence, at the end of the first chapter of the tenth book.

———*who touched the lyre*

With all the force that Orpheus might inspire.

line 18 —page 110.

This is an allusion to the opera of *Orfeo*, set to Music by Gluck, who, with other celebrated works, composed *Iphigenia*, *Alceste*, and *Paris and Helen*. The fame of this great composer, which daily increased until his death, confirms the truth of the eulogium which is paid to his worth. When this poem first appeared, Gluck was engaged in the contest with Sacchini and Piccini, so well known in the musical world; but, as Yriarte then predicted, he lived to triumph over the critics who attempted to lessen the merit of his compositions, and to confound those envious and prejudiced censors, from whose persecution great talents are never exempt; and, in particular, those ingenious minds who boldly deviate from the beaten track. He died in 1787.

The Zarzuela—fraught with many a song,

Or Tonadilla—solace of the throng!

line 20—page 113.

The *Zarzuela* is a drama somewhat similar in construction to our minor comic operas, being composed of dialogue, airs, duets, chorus, and recitative, whose mixture is often condemned as unsuited to the genius of the Spanish nation. The Spaniards, it is well known, from their natural impatience, are accustomed in their dramatic pieces to a quick succession of scenes, fraught with bustle and incident, to which the recitative, however melodious, proves an obstacle, and occasions satiety and disgust.

The *Tonadilla* is a musical composition peculiar to Spain. It was

formerly a short simple air, sung by the vulgar, but engrosses now a complete scene, and at times, an entire act, according to its length and contrivance. Yriarte, who through the medium of Jomelli, with much precision and impartiality, has pointed out abuses that prevail in the serious opera, here intimates, "that had that ingenious composer and critic been a native of Spain, he would, doubtless, have reprehended many errors that have crept into this species of composition, to the disfigurement of its national character. Some, he remarks, (speaking of Tonadillas,) set familiar subjects in such an elevated style as to make artless rustic ballads usurp the strain befitting heroic airs; others clothe them in a motley musical dress, quite foreign to their nature and the public taste; while others, with equal impropriety, are so desirous of diversifying them each moment by sudden transitions, a change of clef, air, and measure, that the ear is rendered fatigued and confused, and incapable of following any single melody which would otherwise afford pleasure.

Translator.

NOTES

ON CANTO V.

*These symphonies quartetted minstrels name
From the quartett'—in substance, style the same.*

line 1—page 127.

This name many professors and amateurs in Madrid have given to certain symphonies composed after the manner of quartetts, in which the obligatio and indispensable parts, in general, are the first and second violin, tenor and base; hautboys, flutes, trumpets, bassoons, &c. not being considered so requisite. Those who write should contribute to the enrichment of the arts, by terms at once expressive, apposite, and necessary; which concur in the adjective *quartetted*, there being nothing in its formation repugnant to the genius of our language.

*And of our senses—'tis received and clear,
No one is so fastidious as the ear.*

line 3—page 128.

It appears that the excessive delicacy of the ear, and the active impression that a delightful melody makes upon it, are the reasons why Music, often repeated, creates disgust, and the musical taste so often varies; an observation that perfectly agrees with that well-founded precept of Cicero, (de Orat. lib. iii. page 25) *Voluptatibus maximus fastidium finitimum est.*

*While aided by fit instruments between,
The voice recites some chaste, impassioned scene.*

line 15—page 128.

To recite with an instrument imitating the human voice, is of

modern invention. In the adagio movement of the fifth quartetto in the ninth work of that ingenious German composer, Haydn, and in the last quartetto but one of a work of Huber, may be seen two pleasing examples of this kind of Music, happily conceived.

*But chiefest thine—the pride of modern song,
All powerful Haydn——*

line 3—page 129.

If the eulogium of Haydn were to be measured by the esteem in which his works are held at this moment in Madrid, it would appear exaggerated and partial in the extreme. The author of this poem, without entering into any odious comparisons, or wishing his readers to be as partial to Dr. Haydn as he is himself, has contented himself with pointing out some prominent excellencies in the compositions of that great composer, which no one can dispute; and, in particular, his fecundity. This eulogium, however, will be found inferior to his deserts by those who have heard his numerous symphonies, concertante and quartetted; his quintetts, quartetts, trios, and sonatas. His oratorio, entitled, *Il ritorno de Tobia*, for five voices; his *Stabat Mater*, for four, &c. &c.

*Music, blest power! a balsam can supply,
Each groan suppress, and glad the tear-swoln eye.*

line 17—page 134.

This passage appears to be imitated from Metastasio.

Estratto della Poet. Arist. cap. 4.

*Their works with passages obscure and hard,
Harsh fugues, and wild conceits they interlard.*

line 15—page 136.

Music is the sister of poetry, even in her defects.—As in the latter false taste has introduced acrostics, verses retrograde, paranomastics, bouts rimés, &c. so has it propagated, in the

former, those puerilities and pedantries here mentioned. Those who have the curiosity to know to what pitch the difficult art has been carried, to compose in a similar style; may read the twenty-second book of the “Melopeo and Maestro,” of Pedro Cerone, a work as learned as prolix, in which its ancient and inestimable author proposed to embrace the whole science of Music; and, therefore, it would have been inexcusable in him to have omitted the dissertation on “Los Enigmas Musicales.”

The genius of each instrument who learn.

line 10—page 137.

Composers ought to understand not only the compass and extent of the diapasons of voices and instruments, but also each peculiar style of singing, and observe the different effects which the same passage produces, according to the voice, or instrument that excites it. From the want of this knowledge some very learned professors have written passages, which, though natural and easy, for example, on the organ, are harsh, or impossible to perform on the violin. This defect might be avoided would composers, as they study Music, study also the mechanism of instruments, without which the science of every composer must be imperfect.

And Poetry and Eloquence aloud.

line 9—page 139.

In the Royal Academy of St. Fernando, when the public and solemn distribution of prizes is celebrated, it is the custom to recite poems, and to declaim in praise of the liberal arts it professes. The introduction, therefore, of poetry and oratory is not a poetical fiction, as spectators on that occasion.

Of other institutions, much esteemed.

line 10—page 140.

This alludes to the Royal Academy in Spain, which in the year 1778, began to patronize ingenious men, and to prepare prizes in poetry and elocution.

A theatre so accurately raise.

line 14—page 144.

The section written by the Count Algarotti, in the sixth chapter of his useful tract, entitled, “ Essay on the Opera ;” devoted to the structure and convenient disposition of the theatre in general, is well worthy of perusal.

And all my clearness, elegance bestow.

line 19—page 146.

Prima est Eloquentiæ virtus perspicuitas.

Quintil. Inst. Orat. lib. ii. cap. iii.

Nor in Esdruxulos is ever scant.

line 22—page 147.

This is a species of Spanish verse, which always ends with dactyles or words that have the accent on the ante-penultimate, the two last syllables being short. This metre has been adapted to burlesque and serious subjects, by various Spanish poets, particularly Lope de Vega, Gongora, &c. &c.

To make the Spanish, lofty deemed, acquire.

line 10—page 148.

Here the author had inserted a note of considerable length, to prove the superior efficacy of the Spanish language, after the Italian, to express the different purposes of Music ; but as from its extreme minuteness and prolixity it could only please those who are nicely versed in that language, and as it also supports a position which few will be disposed to doubt, the translator has been induced to omit it.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Preface, p. xviii,		<i>for</i>	inco	<i>read</i>	ineo.
Page 21, line 19,	—		Herrerar's	—	Herrera's.
44,	14,	—	thrills	—	trills.
144,	1,	—	mournerd	—	mourner.
192,	7,	—	Eloquentiæ	—	Eloquentiæ.



